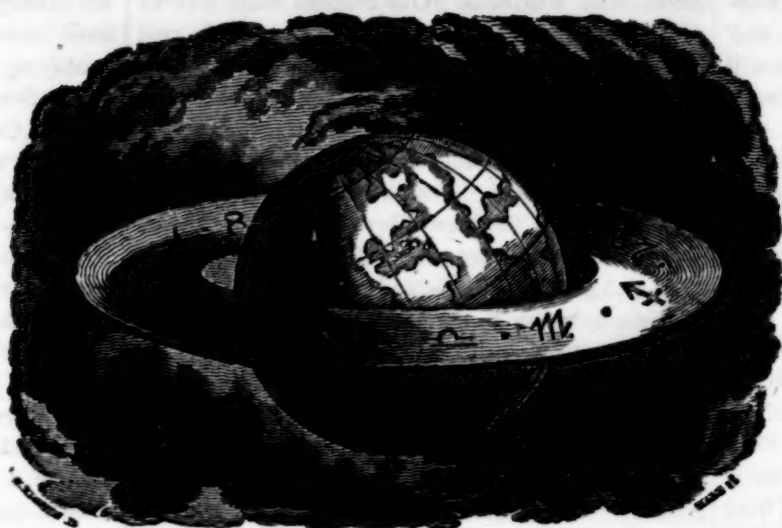


THE ZODIAC.



DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. I.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER, 1835.

No. 5.

(For the Zodiac.)

TO THE BURIAL-GROUND, MOUNT AUBURN.

Auburn! along my heart thy glories sleep
Like painted mists upon the evening deep;
'Twas sunlight's middle hour,
When o'er my soul thy solemn shadow fell,
And stirr'd it deeply with a quiet spell,
Of dark, though dreadful power.

Thy tombs, like infant temples, stand around,
And verdant beauty glows above thy ground,
While waters steal away,
Like the slow lapse of life, and on their marge
Bright flowers keep od'rous watch and charge
Thro' all the silent day.

In vain thy solid sepulchres of stone,
In vain thy columns rear'd—the frame alone
Could meet as well decay.
'Twill burst the bar, and strew the steadfast tomb,
And break, like mid-day light, upon the gloom,
And vanquish yet the clay.

Passion, power, strength, all fill thy quiet aisles;
Youth with its hope, and beauty with its smiles,
Are vassals to the grave:
But where, thro' earth, could youth or beauty find
A lovelier home to rest, and leave behind
A life that nought could save?

Or where could meditation fondlier dwell,
O'er blasted buds and stately hopes that fell
Before the fatal stroke?
Or where could sorrow freshen with its tear,
A worthier spot than time, thus blooming here,
As if of heaven it spoke?

If aught the sadness of the grave may yield
To the sweet air that flows above, or field
Of bright and glorious green,
Wherein departed sons of men recline,
Auburn, twould be in fields and airs like thine—
For life or death, meet scene.

When midnight, shaded with its raven wing,
Thy silence, mournful thought, my feet did bring,
Auburn, again to thee:
The heart alone spoke then, for nought around
Was visible to th' outward eye; it found
Nor fount, nor tomb, nor tree.

But in the soul thy silent landscape dwelt,
Pictured to life, and all unseen was felt,
Redoubled in its strength.
And when I turned to leave thy pleasant ways,
I thought the grave—to thy redounding praise—
Had lost its gloom at length.

C. M.



NOVEMBER.

"The time of year thou mayest now behold
When yellow leaves or none, or few do hang,
On those wild boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

SECOND SERIES.

The following was written by a lady of eminent
virtues and talent, now no more.

*On board a Patiman, on the India seas, }
December 30, 18—.*

MY DEAREST —

That I have not written to you since my arrival
in Bombay, you are well assured has not arisen from
any want of regard or remembrance, but the truth
is, I never in my life had my time less in my power.
The demands of our kind friends, and the atten-
dance on Willie, has occupied it entirely, and I have
only written to the relations of the family—from
them I hope you have heard of our proceedings,
and of William's blessed recovery. We have now
left him, and to my deep regret, as I have had much
comfort from his kindness and society; when we
may meet again, is very uncertain, as he is promo-
ted, but not yet informed to what station he may be
appointed. We are now on our way to ours, and I
address you, my dear friend, from the middle of the
Indian ocean. Our vessel is a small boat, called a
Patiman, as rudely built as you can conceive, with
no cabin but what is formed in the centre by our
palanquin, placed on each side, with a canopy, form-
ed by an old tent roof. We have a small table and
two chairs. It can admit no other passengers but
our servants, and no burden but our furniture.
The sailors cannot speak a word of English; two
of our servants can, and serve as interpreters. We
have full enjoyment of each others society, in this

new and impressive situation, floating on a smooth
sea of bright azure, under a serene sky and cloud-
less sun, with no object on which to rest the daz-
zled and wearied eye; under the guidance of a
people who seem of a different species from our-
selves; the feeling of loneliness is inexpressible,
and I never felt my dependance on Him who co-
vered the earth with the deep as with a garment,
more completely pervade my mind. Last night we
stood for a long time contemplating the magnificent
glories of the sky; it was lighted up by innumerable
stars, and our thoughts wandered back to dear
Kells, from whence, on such a night, we beheld
the beauty of the full moon reflected on the smooth
lake, and its various effects pointed out to us by a
refinement of taste, and knowledge of those sublime
objects, that endeared to us still more the virtues of
those beloved friends with whom we held such
sweet communion; those scenes, alas! are lost to
us forever, and we are parted from those dear
friends, by the unerring hand of omnipotence.
One on whom we looked with love and joy and re-
spect; who shed a ray of peace and cheerfulness
over all our path, is vanished from our sight; but
let us not reject the blessings that are left; there is
a soothing consolation even in the recollection of
joys that are past, when the mind can retrace them
with a composed and resigned spirit. It is my
earnest wish to do so, but my review of the past is
mingled with so much anxiety about the present
state of my friends and family at home, that I am
still the victim of uneasy thoughts. We have much
reason to be thankful for the kindness we received
at Bombay, not only from the Governor and all the
official people, but the far more interesting atten-
tions of friendships and regard, some of which I
could scarcely believe were from new friends.
Mr. — preached often, and was much approved,
and he has formed an intimacy with some most pi-
ous and worthy men, who would have been well
pleased to have kept us amongst them, but there
was no vacancy, and we must go, for the present,
to Bhooj, in Cutch. There are six ladies there,
and I have heard a good account of them, but I will
write again when I know them better. It is a new
society for me for the third time within these four
years, and I have found kind hearts and pleasant
companions in them all; but still the warm inter-
ests and endearing associations, that give the soul-

stirring charm to home friendships, are wanting; yet to reject attentions that are freely given, were ungrateful, and to refuse enjoyment in the way which he that cannot err has offered it, because it does not suit our perverse and limited wishes, is impious. We have now been three days at sea, with a fair wind, and we expect to reach Mandavie, the destined port, in two days more, after which we have to go thirty miles by land, where there is no road; we travel in palanquins, and must rest in the heat of the day, and through the night we can only be guarded from the tigers by lights, yet I am not afraid. Mr. G— is in perfect health, and eager to commence his duties; he is, at present, studying the native language, and I have been beguiling the time with the Pilgrim's Progress, which I have followed with great delight. This is Christmas week, the season of festivity in Edinburgh—of frost and of snow; what a contrast to a burning sun and lonely ocean: but I do not feel the heat at all oppressive, and for festivity, there was enough at Bombay, had we been so inclined. A few days before we came away, we dined at the Governor's with a hundred people; he is a most excellent man, very affable in his manners, and fond of his country; he had the politeness to stand with me at a table, looking at Scotch views, and talking of Scotch characters, for more than a quarter of an hour, where I felt as much at ease as I ever did in my life. There is a chaplain arrived since we did, with a wife and five children. In her I found the sister of Colonel T—, who was killed at Waterloo. She spoke of your family—of Glenlee and her sufferings there. She seems a very amiable woman, but gives an extraordinary account of her sister-in-law, who, I think, must have been mad, yet she is married again to a Knight Bart. of large fortune. Is it not strange we should have met here! My heart warmed to her.

I will now, my dear friend, bid you farewell for the present; the boat rolls so, I write with difficulty, and I am assured you will read with still more, but we have been speaking so much of you, that I felt inclined to unload my heart of its regret, at our separation, by writing you, was it only a "kind moment."

Bhoj, January 14, 18—.

We arrived at Mandavie on the 9th day after sailing, and found tents prepared for us by the Resident here, with carts and camels for our furniture. The Indian chief waited upon us, and sent an escort; so his, joined to our Palanquin bearers, made a train of about thirty people. What a contrast to my wicker basket and grey gown, trudging along the heather hills, and green glens of dear Scotland. We were received by Captain and Mrs. P—, a most amiable couple. There are five other ladies who are all kind and pleasant. Mrs. Col. Elwood is very accomplished and a fine spirit. She came from England over land. There are a number of fine young men, and some of them piously disposed; the P—s eminently so. In point of society, I think we shall do wondrous well. Mr. G— is eager to do something for the natives, but I fear it is hopeless, except with schools, and that he will set about immediately.

Farewell, ever yours, M. G.

The following is from another pen.

Bhoj, August 25, 18—.

To ———, Esq.

F—— Park,

It will be, perhaps, impossible for any one of our friends at F——; kind hearted as they are, to

conceive the feelings of delight with which your joint letter was read. Our feelings were fevered with the long protracted silence of our friends, and our joy was in proportion to the doubt and uncertainty with which our minds had been distracted. In this semi-civilized land—in this region of idolaters, it is indeed sweet to hold communion with those we love most. Your whole letter was one of delight without the least alloy of pain. It was delightful for us to learn especially that you were all well. Agnes' happiness, and yours and Henrietta's sublime devotion to the good cause, all were sources of unmingled delight. Her application to the study of the ancient language of Ireland, not even to gratify a literary taste, which may be in itself not unlaudable, but for the sole purpose of explaining the oracles of the living God to her ignorant countrywomen, filled my eyes with tears of admiration.

I said in my first letter, that the greatest enemies of christianity were christians themselves. I have now been twelve months in the country, and the more I see of it, the more proof have I that I was right. Many of them, by all manners of dissipation, by defrauding the natives of large sums of money in the gratification of an unbounded extravagance, and a luxury alike injurious to their health and to their character, by gambling, by Sabbath field sports, and by a total neglect of all the religious duties, deprave the character of Englishmen, and of christians, and deeply injure the cause of religion. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the European vices are in most unfavorable contrast with the simple virtues of the Hindoos: our luxury with their frugality, our extravagant pomp and vain show with their simplicity and economy, our total neglect of all religious duties with their scrupulous exactness in the discharge of every rite recommended by their religion. Under these circumstances, chaplains and missionaries may preach the beauty of Christianity, and these idolaters will naturally demand proof of the superiority of our religion in the lives of its professors. What answer can we give to this question, which they put with an air of triumph? None! and till Englishmen live the christian life, as well as ministers preach, it will make no progress in this country. This has been the cause of heart-breaking to me, since I came here, yet, bad as we are, there has been an improvement within the last twenty years. Infidelity is not so honored, profanity is not so unblushing, and there are now more eminently pious people; indeed, where men or women become religious in this country, they are distinguishedly so. I am intimately acquainted with three young men, officers in the army, of high talents, extensive acquirements, and an entire devotedness to the glorious cause of christianizing India. With this view they have devoted themselves to the study of the native language, and are preparing a dictionary of the Mahratta, the ancient language, in order to the right translating of the scriptures into it. These three are now talking of quitting the army and becoming missionaries; they have all high prospects; one of them is the brother of an English nobleman, Captain M—, yet are they willing to take up their cross and sacrifice all that this world has the most tempting, to follow Christ. This would be of immense consequence to the cause, for they have great influence among the Brahmins, are universally known to them, and are greatly admired by them for their knowledge of the languages. The other two are brothers of the name of C—, young men not above twenty-four years, but in some of the languages of India, their know-

ledge is equal to that of Sir William Jones, and they are greatly superior to him in this respect, that they have never opened a book but with the view of qualifying themselves to explain the gospel to the natives of this country. Such is the devotedness of Captain M—, in particular, that he employs his whole income, £800 or £900 a year, in support of the various societies which have it as their object to propagate christianity in this country, except just so much as is necessary to his support, and that is a small sum. For several years he has actually distributed £700 a year in such acts of christianity. Such men as these, deserting the splendid career of military promotion that is open to them, and descending into the ranks of humble missionaries, would indeed be an acquisition to the cause. Indeed, I have no doubt that the thing will happen. One of the three is in this camp, and is of the greatest use to me in all my schemes of improvement of the natives.

In one of my favorite plans, I am sorry to say, I have received a temporary check. There are some native christians in this camp, who are without all the means of christian instruction. To these poor men, I have been most desirous of giving instruction, and with this view have translated one of the gospels, or rather from the four have selected such passages as might give a continued view of the life and doctrines of Christ. I submitted to this labor because I found that Henry Martin's translation, excellent as it is, is in too high language to be understood by the bulk of the uneducated natives, and my object has been to make such a translation as might be understood, and I believe I have succeeded. I have also written a Hindoostanee sermon on the attributes of God, as a dissuasive against idolatry, but when I was about to proceed, an intimation was given me that this could not be permitted, as being against a standing regulation which forbids all interference with the religious opinions of the natives. But I shall apply to the government, and I have no doubt shall obtain leave to go on in this good work; but there are men in this world, who, by an adherence to the letter, violate the spirit of the law. Of this class is our Colonel Commandant. The regulation is against molesting the idolaters in the exercise of their own rites, not against giving instructions to christians who are desirous of it because they are natives.

You will be happy to hear that my royal pupil is going on delightfully; he is most desirous of attaining a knowledge of the English language, which, I trust in the ways of God, will be the road to christian knowledge; but at present, I am compelled to be circumspect, for the Brahmins have a watchful and jealous eye upon me, and in the present circumstances any attempt to introduce christianity into my lessons would be the means of finally excluding me from the palace, and thus defeating the object I have in view. But I have completely succeeded in one thing, I have shaken the belief in many of the precepts of their Shasters concerning the phenomena of nature, by explaining to them the true theory of these phenomena. Thus they are told by their Shasters, (their Bible,) that eclipses are produced by the agency of demons. I have shown them that the eclipse of the sun is produced by the moon going between the earth and him, and the eclipse of the moon by the earth hiding from her the rays of the sun. They believe that a common meteor is a spirit falling from paradise after its merit is exhausted. I have shown them that it is the burning of a peculiar kind of air by the electric spark. They have listened to these easy

lessons on natural philosophy with a degree of attention that has astonished me; and I have as hearers on these occasions, the Ex-Rajah, the reigning Rajah, my own pupil, the prime minister, several of the natives, and a number of the chief domestics, who are all men of good families. More will be gained by this mode of proceeding than may at first sight appear; their religion and their philosophy rest on the same divine revelation, and they must stand or fall together. As soon as he is able to read the Bible in English, I shall give him some of the easier passages as lessons. I hope, besides, ere long, to be able to translate into Cutchee, one of the Gospels for his perusal. If I could gain this young man to the cause, it would be equivalent to gaining the whole country that contains one million of souls. Let your prayers be with me in this work. God will give the increase in his own way. I bless him that he has put into my hands the means of being useful that never were given to any other man in this country, save old Schwartz.

LINES ON VISITING THE COUNTRY.

I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forest, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light!

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains; to behold,
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abyss that rolled;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Aye, flame thy fiercest, sun; thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;
The magic leaf and maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in the ray,
Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—where, in the most sultry
He stoops from his vast cerulean hall, [time,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime.
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

BRYANT.

WEST POINT.—FORT PUTNAM.

There is scarcely an American, whose blood is not warmed by the recollections associated with the scenery of West Point.

To see its beautiful plain, its large and commodious buildings, its monuments and its library, and to observe the progress of its unrivalled school, are the strong attractions of daily visitors; while others clambering up the hill beyond, for five hundred feet or more, seek amid the ruins of Fort Putnam their chief enjoyment and recreation.

The objects and success of the Military Acade-

my, we do not now propose to discuss, nor to allude to that fine spirited band of youths, who, with the love of country prompting to the acquirement of a thorough and useful education, will one day be the glory, as they now are the hope, of the nation.

We only propose to recal a long forgotten circumstance in relation to the fortification known as Fort Putnam, and to throw, if we can, some little light upon its origin.

Our readers well remember that after the loss of Fort Montgomery, the Hudson river was open to the enemy, and several predatory and incendiary incursions were the immediate consequences. The burning of Esopus was the chief of these exploits, justified by the British General Vaughan, because its villagers fired on him from their houses!

General Washington, every action of whose life appears to have been dictated by sound discretion, determined immediately to fortify some new position in the Highlands, and requested General Putnam to make the proper selection.

After due deliberation and a careful personal inspection of the various sites which appeared most striking and available, he fixed upon West Point. With water batteries to sweep a channel which always requires some skill and care in the navigation, and rocky eminences commanding the plain, themselves impregnable, the site was pronounced the American Gibraltar.

In the month of January, 1778, when there was a deep fall of snow on the ground, General Parsons' brigade went to the Point and commenced operations. Without shelter from the weather, materials for building, or tools to work with, under a gloomy and inclement sky, these poor fellows began their labors.

A Colonel La Radiere, the engineer who laid out the works, a petulant and disagreeable man, planned them on such a scale as to throw an air of ridicule over the design. He required means altogether beyond the ability of the military chest. He talked of Vauban to soldiers who had scarce heard of the name, and projected curtains, banquettes and terrepleins large enough to have enclosed a town on the continent of Europe. Embarrassing as this ill timed display of science was, it did not deter the commanding officer from doing his duty. Governor Clinton, one of the most able men of his time, exerted himself almost supernaturally to obtain the requisite supplies; the work proceeded, and before the next campaign opened, the forts were in great forwardness and commanded the river.

The following document which appears to have been an order from General McDougall to General Parsons, throws some light upon the plan adopted for the erection of Fort Putnam. We believe modern military men have differed about the propriety of its site, and some contend that its erection caused a useless expenditure of money.

To our inexperienced eyes its position seems well adapted to the protection of the water batteries on the plain, and so it appeared to the best officers in the revolutionary army.

We have the autograph of Gen. McDougall in our possession, of the document we now publish, for the first time, and it is but one of a very large number of revolutionary papers of great interest, to which the readers of the Zodiac will have future access.

The allusion to Colonel Putnam must mean Colonel Rufus Putnam, a worthy soldier who had seen service in the French war, and who, though commanding a regiment during the early part of the

revolutionary struggle, acted at a later period, chiefly in the capacity of engineer, and had the faculty of adapting his plans to the condition of the army, and the facilities the country was able to afford in their prosecution.

"INSTRUCTIONS."

"The hill which Colonel Putnam is fortifying is the most commanding and important of any that we can now attend to. Although it is secure in the rear from escalade, yet as it is practicable to annoy the Garrison from Snook Hill, the parapet in the rear should be made cannon proof against such as may be fired from Snook Hill. This parapet should be raised as much as possible with fascines and earth to prevent the ill consequence of splinters from the rocks. The easternmost face of this work must be so constructed as to command the plain on which Colonel Putnam's regiment is now encamped, and annoy the enemy if he should force the works now erecting by Colonel Meigs and Colonel Wyllis' regiments, as well as to command the northernmost and highest part of the ground last mentioned, which command the plain in the rear of the principal works at West Point. A temporary magazine should be built without delay on Col. Putnam's hill, and have ten days' provision, of salt meat and biscuit, for his regiment, deposited on the hill as soon as it arrives at West Point. This store must not be broke in upon on any pretence, till the enemy appears in force, and puts it out of Colonel Putnam's power to procure supplies from West Point. The next principal ground to be occupied for the safety of the post, is the rising ground to the northward of the Fort, near the north-west corner of the long barrack. It will be necessary to erect a redoubt on this ground, capable of containing one hundred and twenty men. The west, north, and east faces, should be proof against battering cannon, and the south slightly palisaded to guard against surprise. The westernmost face, flanked by the fire of the Fort, must be ditched, and to mount two pieces of cannon. The north face strongly abbatished. The parapet of the west face should be raised so high, if practicable, as to cover the garrison from the fire that may be made against it from the ground on which Colonel Putnam is now encamped. This redoubt is so important, that it must be finished without delay. The chain to be fixed on the west side, in or near the Gap of the Snook, commanded by the fire from the east curtain of the work. The water batteries now erected on the point, to be completed as soon as possible, and two cannon placed in each with the necessary shot and stores placed near them; if any of the cannon to be placed there require to be proved, it must be done before they are brought into the batteries. Such provisions as are on the plain, to be removed into the Fort on the enemy's first appearing in force on the river, and no quantity left out at any time. Two small temporary magazines for ammunition to be made in the Fort for the present, to guard against rain; one also to be made for that of the cannon, in the batteries on the point.

"It must be left to the discretion of the commanding officer at West Point, all circumstances considered, when to fire the alarm. In case of this event taking place in the present state of the works, the security of the Fort depends so much on the heights in the rear on which the greatest force should be placed, that the commanding officer at West Point should take his quarters on the hill Col. Putnam is now fortifying. Col. Meigs' regiment, now at Robertson's farm, on hearing the alarm, will repair to West Point by the safest and securest pas-

sage. Six companies of his and Colonel Wyllis' regiment will take post in the works they are respectively erecting. The other two companies, with the invalids of the post and artificers, are to garrison the Fort under the orders of Major Grosvenor. Colonel Webb's regiment is to take post in the works they are now making, and Colonel Sherburn's to defend the redoubt to be erected near the north-west corner of the long barrack. Col. Putnam's to take post on the hill which they are now fortifying, and not to be ordered from thence, but such detachments as he or the commanding officer at the post, may judge necessary to secure the avenues to his works. Should the enemy force the regiments of Col. Willys, Meigs and Webb from their works, it will be most advancive of the defence of the hills, which command the Fort, that those corps retire to defend to the last extremity, the avenues leading to Colonel Putnam's redoubt, and the ground on which he is now encamped, unless some manœuvre of the enemy should induce the commanding officer of the post to detach some of those corps for the security of Putnam's redoubt. If the ground on which the enemy intend to land, or the route on which he advances to our works, render it necessary to detach any corps to oppose him, it must be taken from the works erecting by Col. Willys', Meigs' or Col. Webb's regiment, and not from the Fort, or Putnam's redoubt, as in case of misfortune, the enemy's possessing the works first mentioned, will not be so fatal to the post as his getting possession of the Fort, or Putnam's redoubt.

"ALEX. McDOUGALL.

"GENERAL PARSONS.

"West Point, April 11, 1778.

"P. S. The west face of the redoubt to be built near the long barrack, to be eighteen feet, the north and east faces fourteen feet; the stones to be kept as much as possible from the upper part of the parapet of the works."

SONNET.—(Selected.)

Aye, thou art welcome—heaven's delicious breath!—

When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,

And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,

And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

Wind of the sunny south!—O, long delay

In the gay woods and in thy golden air,

Like to a good old age, released from care.

Journeying, in long serenity, away,

In such a bright late quiet, would that I

Might wear out life, like thee, 'mid bowers and

brooks,

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,

And music of kind voices ever nigh;

And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,

Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass. BRYANT.

(For the Zodiac.)

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Were I asked what is the most important knowledge for man, I would reply in the words of the poet,

"'Tis first of all ourselves to know."

Were I asked again, what knowledge is the least pursued, my answer still would be, the knowledge of ourselves.

It is important that man should know himself in order to the proper exercise of his physical, intellectual, social and moral powers. In directing the attention to any one of these classes, we are prone to neglect the rest. Often has the hand that valiantly wielded the sword in battle been unable to guide the pen. Many a champion, whose deeds of mighty daring have immortalized his name, has been

an infant in intellect, a selfish, corrupted man. Often has the eminent student, from the neglect of muscular exercise, lost his vigor of mind, been reduced to a skeleton and become the victim of untimely death. Another neglecting to cultivate the social powers, enters upon the stage of action a cold hearted phlegmatic. He mingles not with man because he loves him not. His writings, though evincing a mind which could soar to the top of Pindus, or of Helicon, are doomed to "harbor spiders or to gather dust." His adamant heart can never move the heart of man.

Another cares not for moral culture. Enough for him "to measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;" to search the planets' course and regulate the sun, or to receive the praise of an admiring world. But though his genius may have placed him like that sun, alone and unapproachable, his soul is dark; soon will it sink where no etherial beam shall cheer its night.

Self-knowledge is requisite in order to estimate the extent of each of these powers, and the time, place and manner in which they should be brought into exercise. Such is the constitution of man: so closely allied are his corporeal and mental powers that much of his physical strength depend upon his estimation of these powers. Is a great bodily effort required? A mere knowledge of the external circumstances of the case will never induce its exercise: though the object be ever so important, or its attainment ever so desirable, nothing short of confidence in our own ability to accomplish the object, will secure its accomplishment. In no way can this confidence be gained but by a thorough knowledge of our physical constitution; the extent to which these bodily powers have been cultivated; the peculiar advantages or disadvantages under which they labor; the regimen they require, and the circumstances which facilitate their operation. That the influence of the nervous system in this matter may be very great is not denied; but let self-knowledge be allowed its proper place in the cultivation of our nature, and the nervous system will never be permitted to gain the ascendancy over either the physical or mental powers. Of the evils resulting from neglect of this great study, the study of ourselves: it is impossible to form too high an estimate. To it may be traced most of the diseases which embitter existence and terminate life.

The tottering step of the inebriate—the wounded limb of the duellist—the hectic flush of the consumptive—the dying gasp of the broken hearted, all indirectly but truly owe their origin to want of self-knowledge.

But its evils stop not with the body. To the exercise of the intellectual as well as physical powers a knowledge of self is essential; them therefore its neglect is no less hazardous. Wherefore the ravings of yon maniac? His high wrought soul was tuned to eloquence. He knew the avenues by which to reach the heart of man. Alas! he knew the passions of his hearers better than his own. In a moment of excessive exertion, mid the applause of an admiring audience, each hanging as if for life upon his every syllable, just as he had gained his cause, just as his client was released from the condemnatory sentence of the law—his towering mind already wrought to its most towering flight, burst the limit of its strength, reason left her throne, and all his bright career in one short moment ended.

To symmetry in the exercise of the varied men-

tal powers self-knowledge is indispensable. Without it each may gain ascendancy above the rest. Imagination, so prolific in her conceptions, so noble in her nature, so charming in her legitimate exercise, leaves her wonted place, breaks over the boundaries which reason has imposed, robs the mental vessel of its lading, and casts it on the waves of life without a guide. Memory too will oftentimes usurp her power, bring up her treasured stores, deny the need of abstract thought, and make the man the slave of others' views, not the originator of his own.

In the exercise of the social powers self-knowledge is no less important. To fulfil the relations we sustain to our fellow men, to reciprocate the happiness we receive from them, we must consider our own obligations, we must estimate the bearing others have upon our weal and woe. No two persons linked in close companionship can be happy without a knowledge of themselves. True, their dispositions, habits and temperaments may differ in many respects, so that to know the one is not fully to know the other, but in the main the sentiment is true—"As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Let each one know himself and allow this knowledge to guide his intercourse with his fellow, and minor differences will occasion no unhappiness; if not removed, they will be so modified as never to come roughly into contact. To please in conversation one must know what topics interest himself—what language is the most attracting—what secret springs will vibrate to another's touch—what manners win the heart. In writing too, if one would gain the approbation of the reader, if he would take him captive by his silent eloquence, or call forth his views upon the subject which he treats, that knowledge of human nature which can only be obtained by careful scrutiny of self, is indispensable.

To advance one step either in the cultivation or exercise of the moral powers without some degree of self-knowledge is impossible. The duties of morality, love to God, and love to man, appeal pre-eminently to the heart. Their province is to rule the life. To become what we should be, we must first know what we are. The motives of action must be traced, the desires and passions of the soul considered, and these must be contrasted with the unerring standard of morality.

The bearing our actions have upon community; the influence we exert by precept and example; the duties we neglect, the powers we desecrate, all come within cognizance of the moral principles, and owe their ultimate appeal to this power of scrutinizing self. In the highest duties of morality which contemplate a future world, self-examination furnishes the only basis upon which to rest with certainty our hopes for its untried results. To the christian it furnishes a helmet and shield. It gives him confidence in his Redeemer here—conforms his life to the most perfect pattern of all excellence, and fits his soul for higher scenes of bliss, where he shall know as he is known. In the exercises of all these powers then, moral, intellectual, social and physical, self-knowledge is essential. In this changing scene we know not which may first be tested, in what capacity we soonest need the confidence, a knowledge of ourselves alone can give. An unexpected circumstance may place our life dependent on a single motion of the arm. Our strength of nerve should now be known.

Now a fellow creature's life may hang upon the

arguments we use to move the heart of his oppressor. Our powers of intellect should here be known. Again we may be called to part forever with a much loved friend, or venture our own life to save him from a watery grave. Here we need to know our strength of social love. Temptations of the moral principles may next arise. Then we should know how strongly virtue reigns within. We need to know our weakness too. Vain man would soon forget his frailties if his eye was never turned within. He would forget that though "an heir of glory," he is "a frail child of dust," and though "a god," he still can be "a worm." Here he beholds his ignorance. Though he can trace a comet's path, he cannot tell how thought is formed, or where; how mind exists, or how it can communicate with matter.

But I have said this was a knowledge sought by few. The reason is, we shrink from difficulties, and in this path we find them numerous. One difficulty is our natural prepossession in favor of self. Our own opinions, feelings, actions, are considered right. We make them our standard in judging of the world around us, and find it easy thus to judge of character—but when we take a foreign standard and attempt to judge ourselves, to censure when we differ from another, thus to do violence to precious self is, alas, no easy task.

Another difficulty arises from aversion to abstract thought. It is easy to apply the mind, to think deeply on something tangible; but to close the eye of sense and look upon the mind within, to trace our actions to their source, and sit in judgment on the motives whence they sprung, requires a mightier effort. The greatest obstacle we meet in this important study, is the power of passion on the heart. Our passions fear the scrutiny of judgment, and would fain prevent its exercise. They will if possible, blind the eye to self, and thus retain their sway.

The advantages arising from self inspection, are applicable alike to every situation in which an individual can be placed, whether the ordinary occurrences of life, investigations of the science, or those higher pursuits which interest him as a moral being. It serves as a kind of guide, without whose aid we float with the passing current, are actuated by the impulse of the moment, and live to little purpose.

It is an antidote against flattery, pride and self-conceit. It goes hand in hand with judgment, is the origin of prudence, and furnishes its possessor with that very valuable, but often undervalued quality, good common sense.

The object of an all-wise Creator in bestowing upon us this power of introversion, this distinguishing faculty which elevates us above the inferior orders of creation more than even reason itself, should not be overlooked. It is designed to be an efficient agent in the formation of character. It should have a prominent place in every system of education, should be taught among the first rudiments of knowledge, and pursued with unremitting vigilance in every period of life.

CITHERA.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—(Selected.)

What is there sadd'ning in the autumn leaves?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy,"
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors, hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now:
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?"

BRAINARD.

(For the Zodiac.)

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS—No. III.

We are unanimous in our verdict—the press is powerful. The facts in evidence are its nature and its history. It has blessed and it has cursed. It has traversed, for good and for evil, the fields of politics, taste, religion and social life; and the evil which it has done, it can do. This fact has furnished to the well-wishers of mankind a problem of no easy solution: How can the good be secured, while society is guarded against the evil employment of that immense power? In other words, they have inquired—"What are the proper limits to the liberty of the press?" Another class of men have studied the power of the press. The lovers and the incumbents of despotic thrones and of arbitrary power have started their problem too on this subject; and they have proposed it to themselves—"How far can we chain the lion without provoking his rage?" The answers of both these classes are found in the history of legislation.—Sometimes tyrants have carried their chains and coffles and gags into the department of taste.—There have been periods when political and religious fanaticism has driven, rough-shod, over the lovely and harmless fields of imaginative, speculative and scientific writings. Of this the *Index Expurgatoria* of the Vatican is a disgraceful proof and specimen. But in general the department of taste and science has been left to the self-constituted tribunal of critics; and the restraints of the press have been confined to protecting either the social and civil rights of man, or the quiet domination of the powers that be. Turn then to the laws regulating the press, or the modes of publication used before its invention; and on no page of a nation's archives will be found more indisputably and more concisely written the index of all its sentiments and views of civil liberty. You may there see the brotherhood of a Tiberius, a Henry VIII., a Polignac, a Metternich. The evil of the press to tyrants is, that it can submit the whole machinery of government, and the qualifications, aims and schemes of rulers, to the interested inspection of subjects. The genius of liberty would have hailed the birth of Coster or Guttenberg, had her ladyship possessed any thing nearer flesh and blood than an imaginary existence. For the three centuries of its existence the press has, unquestionably, been pouring over the earth a stronger and stronger flood of light. A certain unquietness has, in all that time, been working its way around the thrones of European and Asiatic royalty. The veriest despot has felt the movings of the spirit of liberty as it has been fostered and transmitted by a few of nature's noblemen. There have been such in every age; but they failed of an opportunity to give impulse to that mass of physical power which alone can effectually disturb a tyrant's quiet. These sons of liberty waited and sighed for they knew not what—it was the press. And no sooner were its magic channels opened for the dissemination of truth, than the charm of royalty was broken, the arcana of the palace and the cabinet were brought directly under the inspection of the vulgar eye. Then the

great discovery was made, that kings were men inheriting all the imperfections, and no more than the average share of the rights of man. The number of readers, observers, thinkers, (all dangerous men under a despotism) began to multiply. The more the people read about the theory of government and the motives of rulers, the more widely did the sentiment go abroad, that the many had as great and as numerous interests as the few. They saw how entirely unnatural and unrighteous was the state of society which enlisted all the energies of the majority to sacrifice their own interests, and give the monopoly of life's honors and life's enjoyments to the undeserving minority. That is the key-stone of every important revolution since the days of Martin Luther. And that key-stone was wrought out by much reflection under great disadvantages. There was required to bring it to shape, an amount of labor which we who have it made to our hands, can scarcely appreciate. But for the press, it might have been only after the flight of many of the coming ages, that it would have been wrought to its present symmetry and perfection.—Tyrants have known this, and they have acted under the full conviction that an untrammelled press and a selfish government are utterly incompatible. Probably we are indebted to the Netherlands for the first example of an unshackled press. But it is with filial gratitude and delight we acknowledge that the most distinct recognition of it as a principle was made so early as 1694, by our own father-land; when the restrictive statutes of Charles I. expired by limitation, and could not be renewed. France has had severe struggles on this point. One of the very measures which led to the overthrow of the last dynasty was the *Report* of Polignac, in which he aimed to establish a thorough censorship of the press. England has taught us most of what we know of civil liberty. It is the only country in which for ages the light on that subject has advanced with steady pace. Yet we have carried out her own principles more fully and consistently than she has. We are making a full experiment on this as well as on other points of the first political importance. In the United States the press is free.—Every man may print and publish what he pleases, with the fewest exceptions that have ever been made. We confess it is one of our fondly cherished day-dreams, that we have reached the beau-ideal in this matter. We may, however, hereafter awake to some yet unthought of elevation to be attained. There is with us no other restraint upon any one's personal liberty of using the press, excepting that which is absolutely essential for the good of the whole. Wherever there is an abridgement of privilege, it is not designed to conceal from the people that which they have a right to know, and are most deeply interested in knowing—to keep the employed forever out of sight of the employer. These are the abuses of the press. Against these and these only is the wise and free and noble legislation of our country directed. The first abuse is the treasonable enlistment of men's passions to violate the sacred territory of the constitution and of constitutional rights. The second is the subversion of those fundamental, religious and moral principles upon which the very structure of society is based. The third is the attack on personal character, by which a man robs another of that "which not enriches him, but makes his neighbor poor indeed." As the law of treason has been interpreted in monarchies, great scope has been furnished for tyranny. But in this country, where nothing is treason but to make war on the government, or to abet

those who so make war, it is scarcely possible, by any construction, to bring any thing printed under that charge. The defence of morality by legislation, desirable as it may be, is found to be exceedingly difficult in practice; and hence the instances are rare, where any thing issuing from the press, excepting the most obscene or blasphemous publications are condemned in our criminal courts.—They are referred to the higher and future tribunal. In the delicate and important case of libel, the leaning of our laws is entirely toward freedom. This will be seen in the whole range of what are called *privileged cases*, and in the statutes of Massachusetts and New-York, which make it a sufficient vindication to prove the libel true and the motive for publication good. This is one of the points on which our republican citizens are peculiarly sensitive.—We understand fully that a free press is as indispensable to our government as is the right of representation, or the freedom of oral discussion. In fact it is more important than the latter. For the strongest check upon our officers is, the immense number of newspapers which are every day printed and sent every where, and which bring the hall of legislation to every man's door. Every thing said there, every vote given, every neglect or discharge or betrayal of official trust, is heard and seen by the last frontier settler who puts in his vote at the poll.—American citizens! submit to all the incidental evils of a free press. Believe, that when truth and error meet on the same arena, the advantages are always on the right side. Permit the full and honest expression of every man's opinion on every subject, so far as your present legislation allows it. Charge your law makers never to violate that sacred feature of the constitution, under any pretence. If men publish falsehood, refute it. If they would pollute and debase our moral and social character, frown upon their publications with all the severity of an outraged public sentiment. But beware even then of your legislation and your civil penalties. You cannot be too jealous nor too vigilant here. The times of party struggle or party triumph, the times of the agitation of questions of great local interest, will be the times of peril to your palladium.—Watch them.

INDIA—A POEM.

SECOND BOOK.

(Never before published.)

XX.

Here neighbors, kindred, friends, the grave surround,
With decent black, and with uncover'd head,
And eye in tears the little lowly mound,
The place is holy, not a word is said,
Save whisper of the virtues of the dead,
Just heard and pass'd like echo from the grave.
They commerce with the skies, their thoughts are led
To regions far beyond life's stormy wave
Where sorrows may not come, and tempests may not rave.

XXI.

Their friends are rattling the infernal drum,
To quell the Suttie's cries and stun the ear,
Here, even the mourner's wailings may not come,
But how eloquent the silent tear,
In the meek eye that seeks the heavenly sphere
And clearly sees, though dust return to dust,
Hope's rainbow arch the grave, the soul to cheer,
Hence rose the Saviour, thence she has her trust,
Though he departs awhile, the loved one is not lost.

XXII.

The dust shall be united to the soul,
Incapable of death, decay or pain,

The eye with light unquenchable be full,
The mind relume the chambers of the brain,
Man's wreck a new rigg'd bark upon the main
Of vast eternity—yes, he shall rise,
In renovated splendor once again,
As the moon wakes in glory in the skies,
After a slumbering night to glad the pilgrim's eyes.

XXIII.

Why does the Poet blight his blooming bays;
Alas, industrious, yet degraded name!
Ah, why those discords in thy sweetest lays
Our age has heard? 'tis suicide to fame,
To stain the muse's cheek with purpling shame.
There where an embryo angel may be seen
To grub for worms—my Lord was much to blame;
Eyes but for withering 'mid the springing green,
And vision such as thine, oh, had it never been.

XXIV.

This is indeed the orphan to bereave,
Oh! this again to break the broken heart,
This is indeed to make the mourner grieve,
The widow, this a widow twice to make,
The shrine, uniting heaven and earth to shake!
Oh! Byron, shall a spirit such as thine
In the grave slumber, never more to wake?
Extinguished, cold and dead, the spark divine,
Of which the glorious lights for many an age shall shine.

XXV.

Oh! thus to stain the spirit's radiant wing,
The seraph doom to burrow with the mole,
On bowers ambrosial Lethe's dew to fling,
To pine for aye, with worms the living soul,
That on its relics riot, fatten, roll;
This was of glory, but to sheer thy fame,
The mind immortal is unhurt, and whole,
From parricidal knife—but oh, the blame!
Thou branded hast thy brow with ever burning shame.

XXVI.

Oh, that the faithful friends of other years
Again the stranger might with welcome greet;
Again around me all the heart endears,
Ye social joys how fair, but ah, how fleet;
Delicious hours, when every bosom beat
In every pulse one sympathy of love,
Like well tuned harps that play a concord sweet;
The quivering strings when cunning fingers move,
Or the responsive song of choristers of Eve.

XXVII.

When every beam that shone in every eye
Was like the radiations of one star,
From the same golden fountains of the sky,
When there is not a cloud the light to mar;
The smiles like rays around Aurora's car,
Of the same brightness, and the tear that flows
When the heart's cisterns pity's hands unbar,
Like dew on the same leaf of the same rose,
At balmy hour of eve the rainbow finger throws.

XXVIII.

The family that love did more unite
Than kindred, is a broken mirror thrown
Upon the billows, shadow'd is its light.
Hope pointed to a fair and sunny zone,
But, oh! the visions from my sight have gone,
Or, like fragments of the rainbow arch,
Divided by the storm, asunder shine.
Scattered, dispersed, and I for them must search
In many a distant land, a long and weary march.

XXIX.

I am an exile; but, oh! yet are mine
The evening clouds, on sapphire wings that fly
Like the bright seraphim, in plumes divine,
The golden crowns, the glories of the sky,
The arch of triumph, that ascends on high
With pillars, and with pinnacles of light,

Wherein the gloaming shuts her dewy eye,
And goes to slumber in her chamber bright,
Watch'd by the silent stars, that sentinel the night.

XXX.

Yes, mine is still the music of the wind—
Mine the fair beaming of the twilight star—
Mine is the moon on silver throne reclined—
Mine the sun's rising and his setting car.
From these I cannot go, however far
I wander—mine the stars that sing and shine;
Celestial minstrels of the golden sphere;
For me unfolded is God's book divine
Of mercy's blazonry, and why should I repine?

XXXI.

But while I gaze, the vile hyena's howl
Calls me from heavenly musings to the earth;
And when I plan reform, the Brahmin's scowl
Quenches the aspirations in their birth.
Now must I quit the regions of the north,
Where Albion spreads her fields of paradise,
The land of freedom and of manly worth,
For land of dastard hearts and sneaking lies,
And superstition's sway, and reign of monstrous vice.

XXXII.

Thou land of beauty—nurse of horrid deeds,
Thou arm'st religion with a fiery brand;
Ambrosial soil o'errun with poison'd weeds,
Dishonor'd nature weeps her shiver'd bond.
Thou bed'st the river with a golden sand,
And ray'st the diamond in the darkling mine—
Raisest against the sire the filial hand,
And quenchest all on earth that is divine,
Oh! land of glorious stars, some monstrous curse is thine.

XXXIII.

Illustrious Ganges—oh, degraded stream,
The crocodile that basks upon thy bank,
Is worshipp'd as a God—no idle dream—
And in his sunless cavern, cold and dank,
He feasts on human victims, and has drunk
To very drunkenness, of human blood.
India, thy crimes are crimson, smelling rank;
Virtue, with thee, is but the choice of food,
Thy golden temples' rites are of the orgies lewd.

XXXIV.

Oh! daughter of a Bath, thy hour is nigh,
Now tears were vain, they may not change thy doom;
Sweet, tender flow'ret of the vernal sky,
Though morning suns and dews unfold thy bloom,
For mercy and for prayers there is no room;
Thy death may not be weakly stained with tears;
Slow lingering tortures may thy limbs consume.
Thou art to fate resign'd, and hast no fear,
Whatever may befall, that hast thou learned to bear.

XXXV.

The debt unpaid, the vow of blood is made,
Thy sire was never known to violate;
He never may unsay what he has said;
Nothing may stay the current of thy fate,
Yet could he feel, thou pity might'st create.
Thine is the symmetry of form and face
That art may envy, but not imitate;
The infant's blending with the maiden's grace,
Seven rosy years are doom'd to end thy happy race.

XXXVI.

Yes, thou wert happy as the spring tide bee,
That flies in quest of sweets, from flower to flower,
And nestles in each cup, as fair and free
As humming-bird within the Peri bower;
Then it was nature's unprescriptive dower
To crop each joy, and antedate no pain,
Sweet music's chiming numbers told the hour,
And every step was among roses; then
There was no jarring note in thy untutor'd strain.

XXXVII.

Thine eye a star, on which there is no cloud,
Save when the silken lashes intervene,
With shadows fairer than the light, to shroud
Its radiance, that removed the flashing screen,
The beam again the brighter to be seen.
Thy brow a sky of beauty, and thy cheek
A bed of roses; whoso saw, might ween
Thou wert a peri, come from heaven to speak
Of love, and youth, and joy, so beautiful and meek.

XXXVIII.

Thy father beckon'd. With a beaming eye
Then didst thou smile upon the naked sword,
Unshaken as the leaf in breezeless sky,
Sweet was thy funeral song, yet not a word
Nor tone of terror is there to record;
Melodious thoughts thy motions regulate,
A thing idolaters might have adored,
Like beauty's statue didst thou silent wait,
The signal of thy Sire, untroubled by regret.

XXXIX.

Then didst thou lay thy head upon his knee,
The flowing raven ringlets turn aside
From thy fair neck, as if in playful glee;
As if the moment were of festive tide,
And thou didst seek, in merry mood, to hide
Thy blushing face from the meridian sun,
To show thy lovely form, as if in pride.
Th' uplifted sword descends, the deed is done,
And to the land of souls, thy gentle spirit gone.

(To be continued.)

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DELIVERED BY REQUEST BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

LECTURE III.

Several newspapers were now added to the periodicals of the country. The Gazette was set up in Boston by James the brother of Benjamin Franklin, and the American Weekly Mercury, in Philadelphia, by Andrew Bradford, a person whose name is chiefly preserved by its connection with Franklin's. In his life he mentions the circumstances attending the management of the Gazette, to which for a time he secretly contributed, and which, young as he then was, he temporarily and successfully edited.

In our own state the arrival of Governor Burnet had a benign influence upon its infant literature.

He came to America in 1720, through the influence of his father, Bishop Burnet, probably to repair his fortune, deeply injured by the South sea bubble. He was a wise politician, and faithfully served the interests of the Colony. He understood the geography of this country perfectly, viewing its principal points with the sagacity of a merchant, if not the skill of a general. His fault was that of hasty opinions, which he often repented. Indeed he said of himself with great candor, that he acted first and thought afterwards. This habit involved him in difficulties, lost him his office of Governor of New-York, and led to his removal to Boston.

He was a literary man, and cultivated letters with ardor. His library was valuable. His correspondence was extensive with the first scholars of the day. He was a contributor to the Transactions of the Royal Society, and an astronomer of no mean ability. To shew how completely a literary feeling influenced him, where indeed it should not have done so, we state the fact that one of the principal difficulties into which he plunged while Governor of New-York, arose from a controversy between two clergymen of the French Protestant Church. He sided with the one having the most

talent, rather than with him having the greatest right. As he is very often mentioned in our colonial history, and has been eulogised warmly by men of science, we may be excused for repeating an anecdote still further illustrating his character.

Being invited to dine with an elderly gentleman in Boston, who usually said grace before meals in an erect posture, the Governor was asked whether on this occasion it should be said standing or sitting. Burnet thoughtlessly replied, "sitting or standing, any or no way, just as you please."

This remark was repeated throughout New England, and has been thought of consequence enough to be recorded in several of the works which relate to his administration.

In his will he ordered himself to be buried, if he should die in New-York, (for he had a secret hope of returning thither,) beside his wife—if any where else, then in the nearest church yard, for, said the testator, "The eye of Heaven regards all places alike."

The late Governor Clinton in his discourse before the New-York Literary and Philosophical Society, spoke of Burnet as devoted to literature, and one of the best governors the New-York colony ever had. In his notes to the discourse, he quotes several passages from the 15th volume of the works of Dean Swift, to shew the great intimacy subsisting between Governor Burnet, Swift and Addison. One of these quotations from a letter to Swift, shew that the Governor was not happy in his position here. "Here," said he, "is the finest air to live upon in the universe, and if our trees and birds could speak, and our assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me, for you must understand that according to the custom of our country, the sachems are the poorest of the people."

A taste for natural history seemed to spring up about this time among the literati of America, called forth doubtless by the observation of various productions of the soil unknown to Europe.

Chief Justice Paul Dudley, of Massachusetts, was conspicuous among them. His New England biographer has omitted this part of his literary enterprises. He wrote a treatise on the art of making maple sugar from the maple tree, a subject quite new to the English. An account of the poison tree of South Carolina, the Rhus vernix of Linnæus, and a species of the Sumach. The writer shewed that it was injurious both by contact and odor. This was quite a fact for those who thought poisonous plants belonged only to other climes. He also wrote a treatise on the wild bee, and the method adopted in New-England to obtain the honey and hive; an account of the Moose, of the Rattle Snake, the natural history of Whales, Ambergris, an account of several earthquakes, a description of the falls of Niagara, and of plants in New-England, with notices of remarkable instances of vegetation.

Dr. Mitchill in a treatise on American botany has honorably noticed these interesting papers.

To shew the influence of literary men upon the public, it may be here mentioned, that to Dr. Cotton Mather's influence with Dr. Boylston, the introduction at this time of inoculation for the small pox was chiefly owing. He had seen in the Philosophical Transactions a favorable account of the operation, and he induced this physician to attempt it in his practice. The history of Inoculation, its use among the Circassians, its introduction into Great Britain by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, belong to another occasion than this; but Cotton

Mather, with the eye of a philosopher, regarded the discovery as one of the most important kind.

The fourth newspaper of America now made its appearance, called the New England Courant, under the auspices of James Franklin, the former editor of the Gazette. But the press did not escape restriction. There was a censorship established, as we have before mentioned, and the Imprimatur of the licenser was inscribed on New-England publications. With the Courant arose some severe controversies. It wore the character of a scoffer at religion, and yet, strange to say, some eminent divines were accused of favoring its opinions, and actually were compelled to disavow them publicly. A professorship of divinity was now connected with Harvard College, by the generosity of Thomas Hollis, a London merchant. We record such acts with pleasure. The mercantile profession is one of the most useful in the social condition, and when its members are actuated by enlightened views, they rise from the character of commercial agents to that of benefactors of mankind. Mr. Hollis was one of these. Besides the professorship of divinity, he founded that of mathematics, and added a donation of a complete philosophical apparatus. His example was followed by others of his name, and his nephew, the celebrated lover of liberty, gave £1400 to increase the library of the same institution. A characteristic anecdote is preserved of him, that when his house took fire in London, he was seen walking calmly out of it with the portrait of Milton in his hands, leaving every thing else to the devouring flames.

Those who seek to know more about the Hollis professorship may easily consult the history of Yale College.

The Hebrew language was now taught in the College; a branch of education which the ascendancy of Theology might materially be supposed to favor in the seminaries of learning.

A number of remarkable individuals were contemporaries at this period, and their names are connected with our literary history. Among them was Increase Mather, a president of Harvard College. In the memorable acts of his life, were his opposition to the surrender of the charter of Massachusetts to Charles 2d; his colonial agency, and his obtaining a new charter, at the time of the Revolution in 1688. It is a singular fact, that on his return with it to New-England, he was entrusted with the sole nomination of the first governor.

During the time when the delusion with regard to witchcraft prevailed, a delusion into which fell so many men of talent, both in this country and England, (for even Dr. Watts gave into the belief,) Dr. Mather opposed himself to the violence and proscription of the times. He composed a work to prove that the devil might possess the person of a man against his will and thus ensnare the innocent. This shewed a deep knowledge of human nature, since while it seemed to tolerate the prejudices then prevalent, it very adroitly turned them in favor of the accused. The ingenious argument actually saved many persons their lives.

Nor were these the only good actions of Dr. Mather. For six years he officiated as President of Cambridge, and by his influence that College was allowed for the first time to confer the degrees of Bachelors and Doctors of Divinity. He studied sixteen hours a day, and yet found time to execute many admirable designs. Many a youth under his care afterwards attributed his success in life to the paternal solicitude he discovered for the cultivation of his mind and temper. As was the custom

with the eminent men of the Colony, he kept a diary, and this with many theological treatises were left behind him.

He was surpassed, however, by his son, Cotton Mather, who entered upon public life before his father had withdrawn from it. He stands first among the literary men of New-England, and his *MAGNALIA* proves his attainments to have been vast and varied. In his youth he was a great student. No solid ground work can be erected without study, and this must never be forgotten by those who wish to excel.

He had the best library in America, was extensively acquainted with books, and above all, knew the value of time.

Over his study, at its entrance, each visitor saw inscribed before him, the monitory words "Be short."

To great learning, great industry, great excellence of heart, one quality of character attached itself, which shewed that he, like other men, was imperfect. He was credulous, a fault of good nature quite as often as a want of understanding. He left behind him a diary in which the most secret occurrences of his life were registered. His other publications were upwards of 380 in number, and they were prepared during a life of incessant application to the duties of his pastoral office.

One of his smaller works, *Essays to do Good*, was very popular, and of this Dr. Franklin remarked, if he had been useful in the world, it was owing entirely to the impression produced by reading this book in early life. It must, however, be remembered, that Franklin also attributed much of his success in life to an attentive perusal of a work on projects, by Daniel Defoe, and Plutarch's *Lives*. The *Essays to do good* were republished in England.

Let no young man despair of being useful. To the perusal of valuable works, he must bring patience and reflection. The immediate effect may not be seen, but it is rarely lost either to the student or the world. The fruit does not always ripen in our sight, yet its bloom and its flavor are not lost, though the hand that planted, may be far removed from the parent stem.

Another work, his *Christian Philosopher*, was much admired abroad. His great work was the *Magnalia Americana Christi*, or the Ecclesiastical history of New-England, from its first planting. It is known to the scholars of every country, and possesses a variety of incident and a fund of learning. It is biography, history, theology, poetry, and even puns and puerilities, a fountain from which may be drawn forth, at the same time, both sweet and bitter waters.

It in some respects resembles that quaint, yet admired work of Burton, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which has found friends in every part of the world where English literature is known or studied.

In 1724, died M. Leverett, another president of Harvard College. His learning procured him the honor of being chosen a member of the Royal Society.

The province of New-York now, for the first, had its newspaper. It had been tainted by the superstition of New England in its trials of witchery, (a solitary instance is recorded,) but it did not furnish its counterpoise in the propagation of periodical information so early or so zealously. The cause was stated in a previous lecture. Mr. Bradford of Philadelphia, became the publisher and editor of the *New-York Gazette*, being noted for his mechanical

skill and industry. He was the government printer for fifty years, remarkable for his temperate habits, and his living to the age of ninety years.

In 1726, Virginia and Maryland followed the example of New-York in its support of the press. The latter province had previously depended upon Philadelphia for its printing.

Harvard College gained this year a professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Mr. Greenwood was the first Professor. The founder, Mr. Hollis, sent over the requirements for this appointment, which are minute and sensible, and are preserved in the College records. A history of the wars of New-England was at this time published in Boston by Chief Justice Pen Hallow. The next year the *Pennsylvania Gazette* was issued, the second newspaper in that Colony, and it survived all the changes and chances of periodicals, until within a few years, under that very name. Cotton Mather died in this year, 1728, universally lamented.

We find among the curiosities of this period, a description of Pennsylvania in Latin verse. The author's name was Machin, and his work was popular. Interested in a fact which shewed an intimacy with the dead languages, certainly not common in our more enlightened day, we were induced to examine into the character and fate of the author. He was a school master, and though acting some years as clerk of the Assembly, did not become over prosperous. If his life was unpoetical, his death was equally so. He fell into the river whither he had gone to draw a pail of water, for domestic use.

Alas, alas, for the poverty of the learned! Even the name of Machin suggests a thousand recollections of their hard fate.

Why is it that the greatest benefactors of mankind so often live in affliction and die in distress? The soldier who exposes his life for his country, may, in England, retire to a splendid hospital—in our country, sit in his chimney corner, with his regular income following him, (small though it may be,) to the farthest territory into which he has withdrawn himself. The author may have won victories for his countrymen, quite as brilliant, and far more important, over the vices and follies of men, but he has much less to expect should poverty overtake him.

Antiquity is full of impressive examples, but even in modern times we see Cervantes begging his bread, Camoens perishing in a hospital, Tasso borrowing a crown from a companion to save himself from starvation, Corneille dying of hunger, the author of the *Fairy Queen* perishing of hope deferred, —he who knew, by sad experience, what it was, in spite of his genius,

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To speed, to give, to want, to be undone.

D'Israeli's work, the *Calamities of Authors*, contains many instances we have not time to enumerate.

Does the catalogue surprise you, gentlemen? What have you not seen with your own eyes. The author of *Waverley* weaving his matchless web of historical romance, that his creditors might seize and bear it away piece by piece. Dare I introduce another: one of the few immortal names that were not born to die? Who did not see one of the greatest writers and statesmen of our day, scarcely buried from his residence, before the minister of the law made public sale of the couch upon which he breathed his last. But we forbear to enlarge upon this characteristic attendant on American Literature—it belongs to another place.

The press began to extend its influence still fur-

ther at the south. A newspaper was set up in 1730, at Charleston. The growth of the periodical press was not rapid until after the revolution, but it was slow even in the mother country. At the close of the 17th century there were but eight newspapers in England!

We have recorded with some minuteness the progress of theology and classical learning. We come to a period in which the Natural History of the Provinces became particularly attractive, and led to valuable additions to our literature.

Mark Catesby visited them with scientific views. He was an eminent naturalist, and for eleven years, interrupted by a short absence, examined the natural productions of the south. He published an important work, called the *Natural History of South Carolina, Florida and the Bahamas*. With the ardor usual to all who "plan enterprises of great pith and moment," he endured countless privations and fatigues in pursuit of his object. At one time he wandered eight hundred miles in the interior, far from the abodes of white men, attended by a savage, who carried his box of colours, and his collection of specimens. At another, he might have been seen paddling from island to island along the coast, in a bark canoe.

Having thus obtained large accessions to his cabinet and his catalogues, he returned to England, and there published the result of his labors in two large folio volumes, containing plants and descriptions of what he had observed.

To reduce the expense of the work to subscribers, he learned to engrave, and copied his drawings himself; some of these were colored with his own hand. Curious and valuable information of a miscellaneous nature was appended. It reached a second edition, which, unhappily, he never lived to see. All naturalists refer to it as a work of authority.

From Catesby we naturally pass to the great American botanist, John Bartram, of Pennsylvania, a cotemporary of the English naturalist. He was an American by birth, distinguished by an ardent love of science, and an untiring industry. He made himself acquainted with the dead languages, as all naturalists should, in order to understand the nomenclature in which their arrangement is preserved. He was a plain, unpretending farmer, and one of that contented sort described by Virgil, happy in ploughing their paternal fields. But he was an observing as well as a contented agriculturist. His passion for botany was suddenly kindled by the contemplation of a daisy, which he had turned up with his plough from its native bed. As he rested under the shade of a tree, he reproached himself for his ignorance of the beautiful productions of nature around him. He immediately began the study of the science in which he was afterwards so eminent.

Happy are they who are roused by the exquisite productions of nature, to investigate their character, contemplate their design, and trace in them a means of usefulness to man, and a source of gratitude to God. Henceforward, Bartram's life was one of observation.

As he turned the furrows which gave him his bread, he never suffered a plant in the green sward to escape him. As he sat down in the shade of the forest tree to rest himself, he studied the foliage spread over his head.

The English literati have described with enthusiasm, the first impulses of their astronomer, Flamsteed. Anecdotes almost identical, in one particular, could be related of Bartram. He never ate

without a book at his side or in his hand, a habit which, though much condemned by the medical philanthropists of our day, seemed not to impair the digestion or shorten the life of this septuagenary.

But in Zoology he was also distinguished. Linnæus did not hesitate to pronounce him the greatest natural botanist in the world. He travelled extensively, making wonderful additions to the American Herbal, and furnishing the gardens of Europe with flowering shrubs of rare and elegant descriptions.

He was an esteemed correspondent of Sir Hans Sloane, Catesby, Collinson, Dr. Hill and Linnæus, and elected member of many learned societies of Europe.

The ardor of his youth did not forsake him in his old age. He travelled into the interior of this state, examined the shores of our lakes, and in his seventieth year visited East Florida to obtain a further knowledge of its productions.

He founded the first Botanical Garden in America, and stocked it with curious and beautiful plants. It was situated on the Schuylkill, near Gray's Ferry, and was within a few years, if it is not now, kept in something of its former condition, by a person who married his grand daughter.

His Zoological communications, rather of an individual character, than tending to generalization, appeared in the Philosophical Transactions. And his observations on his tour to Onondaga, Oswego and Ontario, were published in London with some additions, by Kalm, the Swedish naturalist.

Surely the English reviewer who could spare our whole scientific collections, and our literary productions, for a few leaves of his favorite classics, must have been ignorant of the existence of Bartram, and of the fact that George the 2d made him his Botanist for America.

Another name of literary merit occurs amidst those of Pennsylvania. James Logan was an honor to the country he adopted. He came out when a youth with his patron William Penn, and even then was an accomplished mathematician and linguist.

Desiring to avoid the fate of literary poverty, he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits and acquired a handsome fortune. He then cultivated letters with the assiduity which had marked his commercial career, and he became the correspondent of the learned, both in his own country and abroad.

Wherever he saw merit unrewarded, or genius languishing, he gave his voluntary aid. He materially assisted Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, loaned him books, and gave him money. He communicated his invention to the Royal Society of London, and obtained for him the premium of £200.

He was a contributor to the Philosophical Transactions, published a work in Latin on the system of Linnæus, which he printed in London; a paper on refraction, and another on the angular appearance of lightning. His botanical work in Latin, was translated into English by Dr. Fothergill.

To crown his literary life, he published a translation of Cicero, *De Senectute*, printed by Dr. Franklin, and sometimes erroneously imputed to him.

This was the first effort of the kind by an American author.

At his death he left his valuable library of 3000 volumes to Philadelphia, where it is still preserved with religious care.

Another, and still more eminent character had commenced his career.

Benjamin Franklin is an illustrious example of the advantages of industry and good conduct. The difficulties, the troubles, the embarrassments under which he sustained himself, furnish an instructive lesson to all who would hesitate in the pursuit of knowledge.

At the age of fifteen years he attempted to contribute anonymously to the columns of the newspaper, as we have already stated, conducted by his brother, and he had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing his efforts adjudged worthy of publicity.

He formed his style of argument upon the Socratic method, that of entangling an adversary by a series of questions, which, however, is rather the method of the casuist than the philosopher. His style of composition he sought to conform to that of Addison.

The freedom of his religious principles gave offence to the people of Boston, and a dispute with his brother made it still more unpleasant for him to remain there. He went to Philadelphia, and with a single dollar in his pocket wandered about the streets not knowing where to rest his weary limbs. Eating a penny roll he followed a crowd on their way to the Friends' meeting house, and there he remained during the service. This was the first shelter that Philadelphia afforded him.

It was Franklin's indifference to religion that led him to quit Boston in the discreditable character of a fugitive, and it is singular that to a building devoted to religious worship he was indebted for the first resting place he enjoyed on his arrival at his of destination.

We hazard nothing in saying, that had his early faith been properly fixed, his sphere of usefulness would have been greatly enlarged.

After all, talent and genius are comparatively useless, and generally prove a curse to their possessor when they are misapplied.

If from the most varied and extensive acquirements you have to deduct irreligion and a false philosophy, the remainder is of little value. If instead of subtracting, we may add the qualities of virtue, the sum total swells to an important amount.

AUTUMN.—(Selected.)

O, with what glory comes and goes the year!—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dripping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash—deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow leaved—
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds—
A winter bird comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud,
From cottage roofs, the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor, the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him that with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear. H. W. L.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

There is scarcely a family in which the Zodiac is seen that does not possess musical taste, and piano-forte playing has become in this country almost a regular branch of female education. In remote parts of the United States it is difficult to obtain the best teachers, and the pupil is often self-instructed, or at least makes her principal progress after her instructor has left her. To aid that class of learners in particular, and to assist all who wish to form correct habits of playing, and to be guided by a pure taste, we now present our readers, the first number of a series of letters from a professor, never before published in this country.

I am going to write you a long letter upon one subject; but as it is a subject very interesting to both of us, I hope you will read it more than once without feeling tired. I am glad the study of music continues to give you pleasure, and as I am told that you have a good master, I shall be disappointed if you do not make considerable progress. But I must tell you that a great deal depends upon your own exertions. The instructions you receive at school, however excellent, are, in point of time, extremely limited. Many little things which it is important for you to notice, must often be slightly passed over, or entirely omitted. Besides this, a great deal of your practising is carried on by yourself. You will therefore be liable to contract many ungraceful and inaccurate habits, if you do not very attentively watch your own performance. You are now of an age to become in some respects your own teacher, which every one must be who desires to excel.

I wish you then to consider, every time you sit down to your solitary practising, that you are going to *give yourself a music lesson*, and that you must watch every note and every movement as carefully as you would watch a child whom you were trying to teach.

There are five points to which I wish you carefully to attend:—position, fingering, time, touch, and expression. Each of these is of great importance to your attaining any proficiency in music, as I shall try to explain to you.

I. The first thing towards insuring a proper position at the piano, is to get your music stool at the right height. It should be so raised, that when you are sitting on it, your elbows may be a little above the level of the keys. I will tell you why I make a great point of this. If you are seated too high, it will occasion an unpleasant stoop, which will diminish your power in playing. If you are too low, your shoulders will be shrugged up, so as to deprive you of the free use of your arms and hands. The best playing must be to a certain degree mechanical; and the reason we take so much pains to place you in a natural and unconstrained position, is that the curious mechanism of your shoulders, arms, and fingers may be set in motion to the greatest advantage, and with the least bustle possible.

For you the caution is unnecessary; but when a child is practising whose feet will not reach the ground, something should always be placed under them, that they may not dangle unsupported. The

reason of this is, that when the legs hang loosely down, their weight is a drag upon the upper part of the body, by which the player's force is considerably diminished. Besides, the posture is so uneasy, that a child will twist herself into many awkward attitudes to gain relief from it.

When you have got your seat of a proper height, and your feet firmly rested upon the ground, or a stool, the next thing is to set yourself at a convenient distance from the instrument. When your hands are placed upon the keys, your elbows should come a very little forwarder than the rest of your body. If you draw closer than this, your shoulder blades will be pushed back, so as to hamper the freedom of your execution. A greater distance would destroy your equilibrium, by pulling your whole body forward.

I do not like to see the elbows too far apart from the body, but to keep them closely pinioned to your sides is a still more ungraceful attitude, and will spoil your playing. Your whole arm should be gently rounded, so that in the most animated movement it may neither rub against your dress, nor stick out as if it did not belong to you. You must endeavour to maintain such a position that your wrists may always appear to be moving towards, not away from, each other.

These apparently minute circumstances cannot be too carefully attended to in the commencement of a person's musical practice; it is so much easier to avoid bad habits at first, than to leave them off when once they are acquired.

Good playing depends very much upon keeping the wrist even. Many persons suffer their wrists, particularly that of the left hand, to hang down quite below the level of the keys. This is an indolent habit, and very difficult to correct, because, like most other lolling postures, it seems adapted to ease. But it is a sad bar to a powerful or graceful execution, and I will tell you why. Persons who hold their wrists in this way have scarcely any power over the muscles of their arms; and the fingers, though they *alone* should *seem* to be exerted, are yet not strong enough of themselves to produce powerful tones. Such a position will therefore compel you to play without the least spirit or energy; or else, if you want to fetch out loud tones, you must lift your arm up with a jerk, and let it fall with a thump. Your performance will be either tame or harsh; nor can you possibly maintain that smooth and even flow which some of the most delicious passages require. Besides, the muscles are no where so powerful as at the wrists, and by holding them even you will secure the fullest advantage of them in playing.

Another thing very apt to produce harsh, tinny notes, is playing too much upon the edges of the keys, or not placing the hands far enough over the instrument. Of course this must depend very much upon the nature of the passage you are performing; but in general, let the tips of your fingers be as nearly in the middle of the white keys as you conveniently can. Never let your thumb fall *outside* or *below* the keys; and hold your hand so that your little finger may be higher up on them, in proportion to its length, than either of your other fingers.

The hand should be even with the wrist, as far as the last joints of the fingers; and thence gently rounded till the first joints fall almost perpendicularly on the keys. I need not remind you how unpleasant the clattering of the nails is: whenever you hear it, you may be sure, if your nails be not too long, that the ends of your fingers are too much bent in. But do not, in order to avoid this, set your fingers down too flat on the instrument; the

notes which you produce in this position will never be round and full. The thumb should be slightly curved, and never suffered to travel far from the extremity of the middle finger, except in octaves, chords, &c. The other fingers should be just the distance of the keys from one another; nothing is more awkward than to compress them too closely together, or to let them straggle too far apart. Care must be taken that the little finger does not stick out from the rest; and that when one of them moves, all, or any of the others do not begin to jig at the same time.

When playing, the part of your arm *above* the elbow must be kept as still as possible, and the part *below* the elbow only permitted to move, and even that as little as you can. The wrist must never be stiffened, except when you are playing many consecutive octaves, or other uniform distances. The hands should be gently inclined inwards, or towards each other, which will always be the case if you keep the little finger, as I told you, rather higher on the keys in proportion than the rest of your fingers.

II. It would be extremely difficult in the space of a letter, to give you any exact rules for fingering. You must at present often have recourse to the assistance of a master; and where that cannot be obtained, you should daily practise such exercises as have the most difficult fingers marked for you. You will thus by degrees acquire correct habits; but I wish you even now to try frequently to finger pieces by yourself. If you bear in mind the principle upon which all good fingering is founded, you will, with a little consideration, be able to finger most common passages very tolerably. The great point is to preserve the hand in an easy, compact position, that no sudden or unnecessary movement may offend the ear, nor the awkward straggling of the fingers impede the execution. For this purpose, every change is made by passing the thumb under the fingers, or the fingers over the thumb; never (except in a few very particular cases, where it cannot be avoided) by shifting the same finger to another note, or by passing them over or under one another. This is why it is so necessary to keep the hand always lightly arched, and the thumb in a position just ready to glide under it. To pass the thumb neatly under the fingers, requires a great deal of practice and management, particularly in double notes. It should always touch the surface of the note you are going to play, *before* you change the fingers; and then the whole hand be imperceptibly transferred to its new place on the piano; so that your knuckles may not appear to go up and down. Indeed, if you wish to finger nicely, you must never let it be perceived that you have any knuckles, or at least they must be rounded off as much as possible.

The black keys are the property of the three longest fingers, which alone are able to reach them comfortably and gracefully. Even in playing octaves, the little finger is seldom to be used; the third is almost always to be preferred. In short, you must never suffer the thumb or little finger to touch the black keys, when you can avoid doing so without awkwardness or inconvenience. Try to acquire a habit of glancing your eye rapidly over the passage you are going to play, that you may calculate what fingers you require, how it will be best to begin, and where to change, so as to arrive at the conclusion without any of the faults I have mentioned.

A thorough knowledge of the fingering of the scales will render all kinds of running passages more easy to you, and tend greatly to improve the

position of your hand. Indeed the power of playing the scales with precision and facility is so extremely useful in many ways, that whatever be the time allotted for your practising, you ought to devote at least a quarter of it to this exercise. In long running passages, you should keep the fingering of the gamut in view, only contriving generally that the thumb may be upon the lowest, and the little finger upon the highest note; this is for the right hand, and the reverse is the rule for the left hand. But this rule has many exceptions; such as when the lowest or highest note is a sharp or a flat; or when you cannot begin or end it thus without making the thumb or little finger come on one of the black keys. In passages which require particular strength or distinctness, it is sometimes well to use the thumb, first, and second fingers, in preference to the third and fourth, which are less powerful. There are however exercises to strengthen these two fingers, which you should practise.

You must observe that the fingering varies very much according to the nature of the expression, the time, &c. Thus a passage which is marked staccato, or has many rests in it, will admit of much more sudden changes than that which is smooth and continued; nay, a deviation from the common rules of fingering will often in these cases, add very much to the marked and spirited effect of the piece. To preserve the sliding effect of a legato passage, it is often necessary to place the thumb or little finger upon the black keys; or even sometimes to shift the same finger to another note. Again, music that is divided into twos, threes, fours, &c. will generally require a change of fingers at the commencement of the twos, threes, or fours, to assist in marking the cadence. Thus you see, however useful general rules may be, the best fingering is not always attained by a too rigid adherence to them, but by carefully keeping in view the principle on which they are founded, namely, the preserving the hand in a natural and graceful position, and giving at the same time the fullest effect to every kind of passage.

In passages where the right and left hand actually cross, the fingering is as distinct as in common playing, and practice only is wanting to give expertness. But it sometimes happens that the hands are only partially crossed, or the notes allotted to each so intermixed, that the fingers of one seem quite to interfere with those of the other, and the unpractised performer naturally inquires, how am I to play with both hands on the same place at the same time? The difficulty however is in most cases only apparent, and may be obviated by a very simple expedient. When the passage occurs in the treble or middle part of the instrument, place your left hand very near the top of the keys, and your right lower down, or nearer the edge of the keys than usual. By this method the right and left hand will occupy distinct places on the instrument, and interfere as little with each other, as if they were an octave or two apart. Passages of this kind do not often occur in the bass; when they do, you have only to reverse the above rule, placing your right hand so much higher on the keys, and your left so much lower than usual, as to keep them perfectly clear of one another. In both these cases you will find it an advantage to employ the three longest fingers of the hand which is uppermost, whenever the nature of the passage will allow of your doing so.

You are now, I should think, sufficiently advanced to try some of the easiest lessons in Cramer's Studio, which contains so many beautiful exercises in fingering, expression, and execution, that I have

heard Cordoba say he can hardly consider a person's musical education complete, to whom the practice of them is not familiar. But they ought to be studied under a good master, and I fear your time at school will not admit of this; however, I should like you to make the attempt. As an additional inducement to you, I will assure you that if my health would allow me to prosecute the study of music, I would, for the next two years, practise very little else. When you have made yourself mistress of these exercises, you will be able to finger the most difficult passages with ease and correctness. But those who play merely to amuse themselves and their friends, can hardly afford to devote so much time as I have recommended to the exclusive study of one book. This advice, therefore, is chiefly intended for the young person who designs to make music a profession, or who has sisters or cousins to instruct at home.

(To be continued.)

(From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.)

TROUBLES OF THE NEWLY MARRIED.

To judge from the smiling emblems with which the fancy of the poets has invested the fact of being married, one would suppose it to be a matter of unmingled jocundity. Hymen, the Graces, every better looking deity, is pressed into the service of the young couple, and he who is not happy on his marriage day is set down as one who will never be happy. I fear, on the contrary, that, in a great majority of cases, the nuptial era is one of the most disagreeable that occurs in the course of a lifetime. This character, I would say, may not belong to it through any fault in the parties, and certainly through none in the great institution itself, but in consequence of a vast variety of little fretting troubles which hardly ever fail to attend the devising and accomplishment of a matrimonial union—troubles only the more pestilent that they seem so inappropriate to a time from which such different results were expected. From the moment, indeed, that a marriage is suspected to be on the tapis, to the time when the world has ceased to think of it, all is annoyance and perplexity, at least to the gentleman—insomuch that I sometimes wonder how people can venture on purchasing even a life's happiness at the expense of such a severe preliminary trial.

It is needless, however, to wonder at this so common adventure, seeing that it is generally entered upon under the influence of a maxim which would perhaps be found at the bottom of more wonderfully hazardous enterprises than we are aware of—that it is better to go on than to draw back. A youth falls into the dream styled love; he looks and sighs, as he thinks, in secret; under thousands of pretences wonderfully imposing upon himself, he contrives to perform thousands of little services to the beloved object; he even attempts verse, and, thrusting into the young lady's album a few anonymous pieces of his own, in which he thinks he has expressed all his romantic feelings, sees with mortified but excusing surprise, that she appreciates nothing about them but the neatness of the penmanship. For weeks, for months, he goes on thus, contriving all kinds of unalarming pleas for visits, spending the time of these visits in a kind of subdued transport, and yet wondering when he retires that he did not enjoy them more. When sensible that it would be improper to call, he has a consolatory pleasure in approaching the part of the town where she lives, and, if he can get a real business reason for passing her abode, it is—almost as good as a call. By night, the lamp which he sees in her window is as a har-

bour-light to which tend all the thoughts that form his spiritualised existence. He can gaze on it for hours, and, when it is extinguished, feels as if himself, not she, were involved in darkness. By day, to meet but her schoolboy brother, whistling unreflectingly along, is a pleasure to him. The very dogs and cats of the establishment have an interest for him. And all his callings, his obsequiousnesses, his watchings, his abstractions, he believes to be unobserved. No one, he supposes, pays the least attention to what he is about, or forms any conclusion from his conduct. He sees, for his own part, no harm in it; he looks forward to no consequences; he never once thinks of what it is all tending to—when suddenly, some fine day, a free-spoken friend astounds him with—"Well, I hear you're going to get Miss Graham!" Going to get Miss Graham! Cupid, protect us! He can only blunder through a denial, and faintly smile away the horrible impeachment. Going to get Miss Graham! To hear her whom he has pictured as the ideal, the angelic, thus spoken of as a mere Miss, capable of being married! To be himself brought—he, the boyish, the bashful, who but last year could hardly face his partner at a dancing-school ball—to be himself brought thus suddenly into the presence of so appalling an idea as matrimony! In a moment, the ridicule which he knows the bare mention of such an event would excite among his friends, rushes before him. He feels himself like one awakening on the brink of a precipice over which he was about to walk. He resolves never to call again, to fly from the world, to bury himself and his sorrows in some wild solitude: at all events, he sees Maria no more—a proceeding which Maria either does not remark at all, or prudently overlooks, from a consideration of her lover's circumstances. But all the swains to whom the imputation of an intention of marrying Miss Graham is made, are not such green youths as this. Many of them are mature and established young men, whom it would be worth while to marry. Perhaps in the very beginning of the entanglement, there might in such youths be a latent notion of matrimony—an occult proclivity—a kind of hazy half-confessed inclination to fall into the toils. But even in such cases there was always a belief that they were, and would continue to be, at liberty. Not the most distant suspicion was entertained of their ever feeling themselves under any kind of compulsion. Having accordingly allowed themselves to tamper with the outer threads of the net-work, they are gradually induced to advance a little farther—their very security encouraging them in their progress—till at last the whole world, with the exception of themselves, looks upon the affair as settled, and they discover that the road to the temple of Hymen, like that to the lion's den, has no backward footsteps. Thus it is all managed by a kind of delusion—and necessarily so; for what man, with open eyes, and in sane mind, would begin at the point where retrogression is impossible? No, he must be first pleasantly inveigled into a compromise of his free-agency. So regular is this principle in its operations, that I have formed a peculiar theory of my own respecting celibacy. The individuals suffering under that unhappy condition are not, in my opinion, so often the victims of an indisposition to matrimony, as of an inconvenient perspicacity and coolness, which has disabled them for being deceived. They have never been able to put themselves for a week or two under the influence of a little salutary folly.

One of the earliest of the troubles to which the youth thus unwittingly subjects himself, is the ve-

ry raillery which usually gives him the first notice of his situation. To the gross and inconsiderate world, that appears only a good joke which to him is a matter of the most profound and affecting sentiment. They accordingly scruple not to assail him with innumerable waggeries, which, though he might have been most ready to join in them had the case been another's, now give him all the pain which a pagan worshipper feels at seeing his idols treated disrespectfully. Under these profanations of his most sacred and endeared idea, he has to writhe up to the marriage day, long ere which they are apt to be lost sight of in other thick-coming miseries, the grandest of which usually arises from the friends of the parties. Who, I would ask, ever heard such a sentence as, "Mr. Wilson is engaged to Miss Smith," without its being immediately followed by another, "And I hear the friends are," &c.—ten to one, something to the old tune of the course of true love never did run smooth. One thing may be calculated upon for certain, that the friends of *one* of the parties are dissatisfied, seeing that those very circumstances which conciliate the one side, make the opposite party think themselves wronged. Men are reputed to be, in general, very jealous respecting their own interests, and very selfish in the following of their own inclinations; but no man is ever half so jealous or so selfish in those matters as his friends. Where a common eye would suppose there was the most perfect equality and appropriateness, and where the foolish pair themselves are quite content, the friends will pick you out a depreciatory flaw on one side or other, in a manner quite astonishing. The pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman and the genealogy of the lady, as well as the genealogy of the gentleman and the pecuniary circumstances of the lady, are scanned with a disinterested solicitude, which would be beyond all gratitude, if it only were not so tormenting. The parties may be willing to be happy, but their friends have their interest too much at heart to allow of any such thing. No, no; if you are to be happy, you must be happy upon proper grounds, and, above all things, consistently with the honour of the family. Even supposing all such preliminary difficulties overcome, and the tormentors are at length willing that the parties should seek happiness their own way, how beautifully do they strike in with new plagues at the wedding! "My friend Miss Smith is going to be married next week; but she is terribly perplexed about her friends. She does not like to have a racket, and the room, too, is small; but, then, how to make a selection? She cannot have her aunt Thomson's family without having her uncle Johnson's. For every Black she asks, she must have a White; and you know the Blacks and the Whites were at daggers-drawing all last winter. And then there are Mr. Wilson's friends also to be attended to, who are such strange people—she does not think they will agree at all with her own friends. In short, it is quite a dilemma." Uncles, moreover, expect their advice to be taken about the situation of a house, and aunts about the choice of curtains and crockery; and the gentleman must drag his bride through fifty streets he never was in before, to visit friends whom he has not seen more than once since he was a child, but the half of whom, feeling a reviving interest in him at the present crisis of his life, are mortally offended, if he do not pay them a proper degree of homage. The unfortunate youth has perhaps lived all his days happily, without reflecting that he had friends: they were people out of his sight and out of his mind, and all connection appeared to have ceased. If he had any acquaint-

tance of them at all, it was only kept up by a nod of recognition once in three or four years across the grave of some mutual kinsman; and having parted at one churchyard gate, he never met them again till they were thronging in at another. But as a battle taking place in a habitually peaceful country would be sure to collect the usual birds of prey, even though they had previously appeared to be extirpated, so does a marriage call up thousands of these friends, with their dim and half-forgotten claims of notice and courtesy. He now hears of cousins, nephews, and grand-aunts-in-law, whose names he scarcely knew before; and as the very novelty and singularity of the circumstances render it difficult to give to each the exact degree of attention that is due, he is sure to send four-fifths of them back to their customary obscurity, with causes of offence, of which perhaps he does not enjoy the full benefit till his own children are to be wedded, when the whole circumstances are of course renewed.

Another trouble arises from acquaintances.—The gentleman and the lady have both had acquaintances, with whom they have respectively lived very happily till now. Marriage, however, alters the face of one's visiting list. There is, be it observed, an eclat in being married, as well as a temporary consequence in setting up house, which, even where neither party is at all elevated by the match, is apt to give them some rather ambitious views. They also, somewhat inconsistently, entertain fixed intentions of economy. They are not going to have great loads of company—only a few very genteel friends now and then. Indeed, they have always looked forward to each other's society as what was to give the chief charm to the connubial state; and the lady for her part declares, that she does not care though she should henceforth hardly see a single soul besides her husband. These notions introduce at the very first an exclusive feeling, which cannot be carried into effect without much pain, and perhaps some remonstrances from kinsfolk—the eternal friends—one of whom takes offence at the rejection of the Williamsons, another at the overlooking of the Lawrences, and a third at the open disrespect shown for pleasant old Mrs. Johnson, till all is again in a flame, and the pair, finding themselves deprived of all independency of will, at the time when they are most disposed to exercise it, fret themselves out of all comfort, and almost wish they were still unwed. In addition to all this, there is the chance of the lady not liking some of those friends whom the husband has introduced, and of the gentleman slighting those of the lady, and the difficulty, at the very best, of causing them to amalgamate properly when they happen to meet—for just as surely as that there must be some presumed disparity in the condition of the parties themselves, will there be a disparity in the status of their respective troops of acquaintances. Altogether, there is usually a very pretty amount of troubles and perplexities on account of the acquaintances.

They are not yet done, however, with the kinsfolk. Mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law have to be conciliated and made *real friends* of on both sides; a task requiring so much abject deference and such persevering attentions, that not one person in a hundred will accomplish it without tiffs and storms innumerable. This is a trouble usually most trying for the lady, and the first of the above-mentioned relations is that from whom she generally suffers most. It is not apparently in human nature, except in very rare circumstances, for a woman to take kindly to her

daughter-in-law. An injury is felt at the very first to have been inflicted, which to "forgive" would be indeed "divine." Under the influence of this feeling, the elder party can hardly, by any degree of philosophy in herself, or virtue in the other, by any amount of proffered affection, or any sum of advantages which the world may suppose the bride to have brought into the family, be induced to treat her as otherwise than an alien and an intruder.—She may profess to feel differently, and may think that she does; but nature is nature, and four of every five, in their secret hearts, justify that remarkable principle in our old ballads, which invariably represents mothers-in-law as odious in that relation.

Such are a few of the more common vexations of the newly married, and it must be allowed that they form a strange enough introduction to a condition which not only perfects immediate happiness, as far as that is possible in this sphere of being, but is the foundation of all those affections by which we are elevated, purified, and blessed through life.

(Never before re-published in this country.)

THE HUMBLER EMPLOYMENTS OF LONDON.

It is perhaps pretty well known that the metropolis, like a vortex, draws a multitude of persons from all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as some parts of the Continent, to assist in those ministrations which are required for the comfort and luxury of the middle and higher orders. It procures its porters and day laborers from Ireland, its bread bakers from Scotland, its milk suppliers from Wales, and its sugar bakers from Germany. At particular seasons of the year, you may observe that a vast deal of work is performed by draughts of individuals from different parts of the country. Wales seems to be a fruitful source of a most industrious class of persons of this description. Roused by the din of vehicles on the streets, and feverish, from the closeness of a London atmosphere, you sally forth from your lodgings, early of a summer's morning, to see what it can possibly be that is causing such a hurly burly on the thoroughfares. In a moment you behold the source of disquietude. It is the market gardeners driving in their loaded wains of vegetables, along with other rustic drivers with their wagons of trussed hay, huge moving castles of country produce for the craving necessities of a million and a half of human beings. Say that it is the delightful month of June—the strawberry month—and you are strolling along one or other of the great approaches, you will have an opportunity of witnessing female industry to an extent you had little idea of. Along the roads there come pouring numbers of women, amounting often to twenty or thirty, closely following each other, and bearing on their heads circular baskets full of strawberries, raspberries, and other such fruit as would be bruised by any other mode of conveyance to market.—These diligent early risers are chiefly from Wales, and are deserving of notice, for their economy and perseverance. They leave their native hills in parties, the young placing reliance on those who have previously been so engaged. Immediately on their well calculated time of offering their services, they are employed by the growers of fruit for the London markets. The youngest and the weakest are set to gather strawberries into small wicker baskets called pottles, which contain about a pint; these pottles are packed carefully in the large circular baskets, before mentioned, each containing from thirty to forty pounds weight, and despatched to an agent in the market. The payment for carrying is regulated at sixpence per journey. Some of the stoutest

Welsh women have been known to make five trips in a day, or a distance of twenty miles with the load, and twenty back with the empty basket—an extraordinary exertion when continued during the space of six weeks or two months. We have been told that nearly all the Welsh females thus employed in the fruit gardens, save sufficient to support themselves, and often an aged parent, throughout the year.

Connected with early rising in London, another description of persons may be seen seated in convenient places, with large vessels containing saloop,* coffee and tea, kept warm by charcoal fires constructed within a wheelbarrow, on the top of which is spread a clean linen cloth, covered with slices of bread, biscuits, butter, and gingerbread; these supply breakfasts, at from one penny to threepence each, to many industrious persons, whose occupations demand early rising. All the temporary breakfast barrows are removed before any of the shops are opened. During the winter season this mode of obtaining nutritious food is of essential service to the industrious, and is stated to have been the means of saving the life of many a homeless wanderer.

Another description of early occupation is the posting of bills or play-cards announcing public amusements, exhibitions, sales, losses, &c. The persons thus employed are called bill stickers; they receive the placards, some of which are between two and three feet square, from the proprietor, with orders to place them in the most conspicuous situations. This they do most effectually. No surface which can be used is free from being plastered over with papers of all colors and letters of all sizes.—Let a house become uninhabited, and the windows and walls are covered three deep in a few days. When a house is burnt down, the billmen fly in crowds to the spot. While the ruins are yet smoking, and the gaping multitude thronging to see the effects of the catastrophe, up go the flaunting play-cards on the gaunt gables of the adjoining domiciles. In a few hours the whole exterior of the ruin is an universal show of bills, of every imaginable color and capability of attraction. Bill-sticking is a science. It requires "machinery." To hoist a square yard of wet paper fifty feet in height, and there impose it on a dead wall, is a feat which it is no easy matter to perform. The sticker's machinery consists of a number of ferruled sticks, which, like a fishing rod, can be lengthened by joints; in the front he carries a large tin box containing his paste and brush. As soon as he reaches a proper place for the display of his play-card, his padded cross-piece is fixed to the first joint, the paper is pasted, the handle lengthened, the notice mounts thirty, forty, or fifty feet, is stuck on the spot, and being dexterously dabbed on the edges, is left in security and lofty attraction until obliterated by succeeding bill-stickers.

The trade of the bill-sticker is less peculiar to London than that of the street grubber. In the streets of London and Westminster, which have not been macadamized, persons may be seen with a large leathern bag attached to their girdle, and in a stooping position scraping between the paved stones of the carriage way with a flattened piece of wood, in search of nails that may have dropped from horses' shoes. It is said gold and silver at times go into the leathern bag, but the old horse-nail is the ostensible object of search, being valuable as iron properly welded, and best suited to be

* Saloop, or salop, is a beverage prepared from the vegetable called the *Orchia mascula*. It is nutritious, and is used to a considerable extent in Turkey.

made into good nails for the shoeing of horses in perpetuity.

Other persons may be observed picking up scraps of rag or paper; indeed, every refuse of the shops seems to be of some value when assorted for particular uses—the linen to be cleansed and prepared for the paper manufacturer; woollen rags to be cleansed and prepared for grinding, so fine as to be strewed on hose patterns of paper hangings which are called flock; scraps of glove-leather to be cleansed and prepared for the making of size; pieces of string, colored papers, or cotton, for the mills at which coarse brown packing paper is manufactured; and pieces of iron and various discarded morsels of metal, useless when singly considered, but valuable in collected masses, and sold at the foundries. These pickers of the very refuse of the streets have their comforts, and instances have been known where their honesty in restoring lost valuables has been properly rewarded.

There is a class whose regular search is for bones, arising from a knowledge of their convertibility. Bones are valuable for many purposes; the clear parts may be used for the handles of knives, toys and ornamental objects, certain bones are adapted to burn, for producing the best ivory black, and are useful in chemistry. From every description of bone, grease for the soap boiler may be extracted, and all are valuable when pulverized for the purpose of agriculture. These collectors appear to be the most humble and precariously supported of human beings, but they are civil and superior to alms-begging. With a large rush basket, or more frequently two, they pursue their avocation; not one of them would refuse to give all the information in his power respecting the apparently degrading occupation by which he earns a subsistence. They usefully fill the station they have chosen, and furnish one among many other proofs that in a large commercial community the most trifling details may become important by judicious management. If the stranger in London continue to observe all that may occur in the streets in the morning, his mind will become bewildered by the minuteness of the subdivision of labor, and in scrutinizing the character and classification of the thousands about him. That one half know not how the other half exist, is a remark frequently made by those who are struggling to obtain their daily food; and no saying is more true as regards the inhabitants of the metropolis.

Numbers of persons, denominated costard-mongers, from the commodity in which they deal being carried on the head, may be seen hurrying from the respective markets with fish and various other necessities of life. At their homes the fish are cleansed, the vegetables trimmed, and all made as attractive as possible; after which they proceed to cry their articles along the streets, but chiefly to call at the houses of those deemed occasional customers, to whom their attention is regular and respectful. There are other dealers of this description, who appear in the streets with carts, or asses with panniers, laden with such articles as may have overstocked the markets, and, in consequence, proportionably cheap—fish and vegetables more particularly. Fine sunny mornings will cause immense quantities of mackerel to glut the markets. Fine showers, followed by warmth, will compel peas, beans, cauliflowers, and other vegetable products to be gathered, and the superabundance reduces the price so suddenly, that these intermediate dealers between the shop keepers and the costard mongers take advantage of the events, and, by

purchasing largely, supply the middling classes of society at a very reasonable rate.

There are also numbers of Jews constantly parading the streets, each with his bag and sonorous tone, crying "clow" (or clothes.) These individuals purchase every description of wearing apparel, though at exceeding low prices. It is said that an offer for an article by one of the fraternity, however low, will never be advanced upon by another; furnishing a proof of extensive communication among them. Shabby as these Jews appear in the course of their occupation as gatherers of old clothes, many of them are opulent, and when at home with their families, live in a degree of elegance which the rest of mankind are by no means aware of. Whatever may be the faults of the Jews they will seldom if ever be found indulging in the low habits of the intemperate part of the population. They spend most of their leisure hours in the bosom of their families, at their own firesides.

There are also great numbers of porters to be seen with packages of various sizes, and others who are executing the commissions of their employers with attention and despatch. Of this description there are many who live in respectability in the suburbs of the metropolis—one porter perhaps transacting business for several residents in his neighborhood. He calls in the morning, receives orders to deliver parcels, and to pay or to take money in London, whatever may be the amount. Confidence of this kind is never abused; he is sober and diligent, and therefore receives the reward he deserves. By one man in a neighborhood thus acting as a servant to a number of householders, individuals are spared the expense of keeping special assistants. Of the various servants and assistants to the tradesmen and shop keepers of the metropolis who crowd the streets, it would be useless, if not impossible, to take notice; and the same may be said of those attached to the wealthier classes. They require a host of officials, who figure in the mass without increasing its value in a mercantile point of view; yet they, and the establishments of which they form a part, put into circulation an immense amount of capital, which spreading through various ramifications, gives comfort to many, and furnishes subsistence to numerous industrious individuals.

The cries of London, about which so much has been written and said, seem to be softening into comparative silence; there are some, however, to which our fathers were strangers. "Dog's meat," and "Cat's meat," especially, cannot fail to attract the notice of strangers. This food for domestic animals is carried through the streets in miniature carts, drawn on two or four wheels by one or two dogs, who appear to be as well acquainted with the regular customers as the master, for they never fail to stop at the proper doors. These dealers are supplied with the meat by men who purchase old worn out horses for the sake of their flesh, bones, and skin, and who possess large premises, where the animals are skinned, and the flesh boiled, and sold at moderate charges to the dog's meat men, who cut the masses of flesh into slices of a quarter of a pound each, through which a skewer is stuck, and thus handed to the servants. Persons in the country, who generally contrive to support their canine attendants by the offal of their tables, will be surprised to learn that the good people of London purchase a peculiar aliment for them; but their surprise will lessen, when they reflect on the high price of all kinds of butcher meat in the metropolis. This causes families to purchase only as much as will leave none

to be wasted, thereby leaving their domestic animals to be fed on inferior and lower priced victuals. Besides, there are great numbers of warehouses and shops, where no cooking is carried on; and hence the cats and dogs of such establishments require special dishes for themselves. If the dogs of London be well cared for in this respect, care is also taken that they do something in return; their life is no sinecure. In all directions you see them yoked to little carts, belonging to various description of tradesmen. It cannot be said that there is any peculiar breed of dogs employed in this branch of industry. You find individuals in harness of every imaginable tribe, from the thick headed mastiff down to the puniest mongrel. We would advise no dog who values a leisurely idle life, to set his nose within the precincts of London.

The English are the cleanliest people on the face of the earth. No doubt there are many in Scotland who might compete with them in this respect; still they must be allowed to carry off the palm of victory in all that respects perfect tidiness in the household menage. The English excel all the world in the matter of cleaning their windows and doors, and really give a wonderful air of neatness to their dwellings. The Scotch are not a window cleaning nation—the English are decidedly so. The window-frames glitter and sparkle like diamonds, from the Borders all along the British Channel. The London housekeepers are not only remarkable for this particular, but also for the brilliant whiteness of the stone steps and paths in front of their doors. They do not slop them over with the hazy trash called *caumstone* in the north, but have them rubbed with a much superior metal, which they denominate *hearth-stone*. "Hearth-stone" is still one of the famous cries of London. We think we still hear it sounded along one or other of the pretty little streets in the environs of the metropolis, and see the trimly-decked servant girls tripping from the houses, and negotiating the purchase of a "penn'orth."

There are other descriptions of persons who, with horse and cart, cry through the streets "Bloom-ing flowers for the garden," and in the season display many of the choice productions of the florist's care, as well as the ordinary shrubs and annuals; the charge being regulated by the rarity or peculiar beauty of the plant. When reasonable in price the stock is soon disposed of, either to decorate the windows, or to enrich the little plots of ground in the rear of the dwellings, which by successive additions, are often kept in a beautiful and highly gratifying state of luxuriance.

Within a few years past, venders of potatoes have multiplied surprisingly. The cry of this class of persons is "Taters all hot;" and while thus sounding the name of their wares, they bear about large tin boxes, arranged with charcoal fires at the bottom; above are several drawers, in which are layers of potatoes baked—those on the top being steamed by the moisture from those below. The purchaser is supplied with a morsel of butter and salt at discretion to a potatoe, and all for a half-penny. These dealers are much encouraged by the industrious poor, and they deserve to be so. They sell a warm mouthful to many a cold and wearied passenger.

(For the Zodiac.)

LOUIS PHILIPPE—KING OF THE FRENCH.

This sovereign finds himself in a very critical position, and deserves perhaps more pity than blame. The greatest part of his crowned colleagues sit upon their thrones by the *grace of God* and the *legi-*

timacy of their birth, others, as Leopold in Belgium and Otho in Greece—by the express command of these legitimates, or as Bernadotte, who has been happy enough to unite with the suffrages of the foreign powers the attachment and love of the Swedes, whilst Louis Philippe, the citizen king of the French, can claim neither one nor the other of these categories.

After the three days of July the French protested loudly against his being their king; Lafayette himself was surprised, but yielded at last, seduced by the deceitful promises at the *Hotel de Ville*, in reference to a *citizen king, surrounded by republican institutions*, a favorite expression of our respected friend, but unhappily impossible to put in practice. The fact is that the banker, James Lafitte, assisted by his friend and agent Henry Berard, were the true electors and the secret promoters of the nomination of His civic majesty. This, nevertheless, would have been a matter of very small consequence, if the new king had acted in good faith towards his fellow citizens, whose destinies were accidentally confided to his care.

Before we enter into the discussion of this delicate matter, we will give some outlines of his adventurous life up to 1830.

Louis Philippe I. elected August 7th, 1830, King of the French, known previously under the title of the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans *Egalite*, and of Marie Adelaide de Bourbon Penthièvres, grand daughter of a natural son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan, was born at Paris, Oct. 6, 1773.

The line of Bourbon Orleans, was founded by Philippe, brother of Louis XIV. who conferred on him the Duchy of Orleans. Philippe II. his son was the well known Regent of France, whose grand son was the present king of France. The wife of King Louis Philippe, is Mary Amelia, daughter of Ferdinand IV. King of the two Sicilies, born April 26, 1782. Their children are Philippe Louis Charles Henry Ferdinand, late Duke of Chartres, now Duke d'Orleans, born Sept. 1810.

Louis Marie Therese Charlotte Isabelle Mademoiselle d'Orleans, now Queen of Belgium, born Jan. 1812.

Marie Christine Caroline Adelaide Francisca Leopoldina Mademoiselle de Valois, born April 12, 1813.

Louis Charles Philippe Raphael, Duke of Nemours, born Oct. 25, 1814.

Marie Clementine Caroline Leopoldine Clotilde Mademoiselle de Beaujolais, born June 3, 1817.

Francis Ferdinand Philippe Louis, Prince of Joinville, born August 14, 1818.

Henry Eugene Philippe Louis, Duke of Aumale, born Jan. 16, 1822.

Antoine Marie Philippe Louis, Duke of Montpensier, born July 31, 1814.

The sister of the king is Eugenie Adelaide Louise Mademoiselle de Orleans, born August, 1777.

Louis Philippe bore at first the title of Duke of Valois, and when his father became Duke of Orleans, that of Duke of Chartres. At the age of five years he was placed under the care of the chevalier de Bonnard; but in 1782 the direction of his education was intrusted to the Countess de Genlis, who in addition to the education of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, became charged with the superintendence of the education of the Duke de Chartres and his two brothers, under the masculine title of *governor*; and certainly as regarded mere education, she justified the singular confidence which was placed in her—never had experiment a severer trial.

"How often"—says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the young Prince was exposed after his escape from France, "How often since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself—to despise all kinds of effeminacy (*mollesse*)—to sleep habitually, on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat—to expose himself to heat, cold and rain—to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes—and finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all that he had inherited from birth and fortune—nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me!"—*Mem. de Genlis*, v. iv. p. 203.

One of the modes by which Madame de Genlis endeavored to teach her royal pupils to examine and regulate their own mind and conduct, was the keeping of a journal. This journal extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791, affords some very piquant contrasts—the prince turned Jacobin is striking enough, but the Jacobin turned King is still more so.

This journal begins with the entrance of the young Duke de Chartres into the Jacobin club—an event of considerable importance in a public view, as marking his father's adhesion to the principles of that society, and which was also the occasion of serious family dissensions. The Jacobins were so much pleased at seeing the young Duke de Chartres amongst them, that they presented him a formal address, of which the first sentence is curious: "Sir,—We congratulate ourselves! should we not also congratulate you? You have been our prince—you are now our colleague," &c. Signed *Manuel* president; *Lepage*, Secretary. But that which was a matter of congratulation to the Jacobins, was a source of deep affliction to his amiable and excellent mother, and became the immediate cause of an open rupture between her and Madame de Genlis—by whose counsels that princess believed that her son had taken this step. Madame de Genlis, in her memoirs, attributes it solely to the Duke of Orleans himself: but it is, I think clear that she must share the responsibility. We have the young Duke's evidence, that his father only *approved* his own proposition; and we shall see, as we proceed, that this too docile and over affectionate pupil would never have thought of making such a proposition without Madame de Genlis' previous concurrence—her husband, the Marquis de Sillery, proposed him—her personal friends and attendants whom she had placed about him, all became members also. When some time after, she with her niece and Pamela accompanied Mademoiselle d'Orleans to England they designated themselves *les quatre emigres Jacobines*. In short, it is clear that she countenanced and probably advised her pupil's entry into the Jacobin club—which, however, as she justly observes, had not, at this period, attained its subsequent ferocity and infamy.

The Duke de Chartres became a Jacobin at the moment of that violent excitement which followed the duel of Messrs. de Castries and de Lameth; but the father himself did not become a member of the club till the commotion occasioned by the flight of the king, when, not without some demur, he was admitted. It was amidst the massacre of the 10th of August, that he solicited the change of his name to *Egalite*.

We shall quote from the little known relation of an eye-witness, the account of his last hours, in

which he showed great personal firmness. "On the sixth of November, 1793, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and after a mock trial, condemned to death, on a series of charges, of all of which he was notoriously guiltless. He treated the dreadful mockery with contempt, and begged as an only favor that the sentence might be executed without delay: the bloody indulgence was granted, and he was led at four o'clock, when the day-light was almost failing, from the court to the scaffold.

"I confess," says the editor of the *correspondance du Duc d'Orleans*, "I had the barbarous curiosity to see him go to execution; I took my station opposite his palace, that I might observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendor and enjoyment might have on him. The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer.—The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavoring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims in the same cart; they were all bent double, pale, and stupefied by horror—Orleans alone—a striking contrast—stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural color, with all the firmness of innocence. By a refinement of cruelty, the cart was stopped at the gate of his palace; I saw him run his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, who should be examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. This air was, no doubt, studied and put on—I, as well as every body else, could see that it was; it was even said that he had prepared himself for it by wine; but with all that, I was astonished. I am still astonished to think how such a man as d'Orleans could, by any means, have subdued his natural character, and worked himself up to such an appearance of courage and tranquillity."

As to the rupture between the Duchess of Orleans and Madame de Genlis, the latter, in her memoirs, does tardy and rather reluctant, but yet complete justice to the former. "The cause," says she, "of the Duchess's coldness towards me was evidently a difference of opinion on the politics of the day; and I am now ready to acknowledge that her fears which at the time appeared so exaggerated, and even so unjust, were but too well founded. She did not permit her imagination to lead her astray; she did not abandon herself to romantic visions—her judgment, alas! was better than mine."

Here follows some extracts of the *Journal above mentioned, of Louis Philippe, Duke de Chartres*, by which the reader will know his character when young, better than any reasoning. 23d Oct. 1790. I dined at Mousseux (a villa of the Duke of Orleans, so close to Paris on the northwest, as to be within its walls)—next day my father having approved my anxious wishes to become a member of the Jacobin club, Mr. de Sillery proposed me on Friday.

2d November. I was yesterday admitted to the Jacobins, and much applauded—I returned thanks for the kind reception they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the *sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen*.

3d November. I was this morning at the National Assembly—in the evening at the Jacobins, where I was put on the Committee of Presentations, that is on the committee appointed to examine candidates. This committee meets every Thursday. I requested one of my colleagues to express my regret at not being able to attend to-morrow.

Chateau Neuf (a country seat of his grand father,

the Duke de Penthièvre,) 7th Nov. Attended mass; they did not offer us *incense** my grand father insisting on exact obedience to the decrees of the National Assembly. If they had attempted to offer me the incense, I had made up my mind not to allow it. Messrs. de Gilbert, father and son, dined here to day; the son is seventeen and a half, and very steady, very civil, and very amiable; although his father and all his family are aristocrats, he is nevertheless, a *great patriot, which has won my heart.* * * *

So my trip to Chateau Neuf is over, we shall set off to-night at eleven. Although I have been very happy to pass this time with my mother and my grand father, I have felt great pain in separating myself from those with whom I have lived so long, and particularly my *friend (Mad. de Genlis)* whom I shall always consider as a second mother—and my brother (the Duke de Montpensier) from whom I had never been separated before. I have felt deeply in the course of this little journey, how dear every thing at Bellechasse is to me, and how painful it would be to me to be long away from it."

The expression of *my friend* in speaking so emphatically of Mad. de Genlis, then called Madame de Sillery, is not at all astonishing when it must be recollected that the journal was intended for her future inspection, and that the youth would naturally write in a way that would be most agreeable to her. She resided then in a convent in the faubourg St. Germain, called Bellechasse, where the Duke of Orleans had erected a pavilion for the residence of her and his daughter Mademoiselle Adelaide—thither the young men used to come every day to receive the instructions of their *Governor*.

7th Nov. I forgot to say that however happy I should have been to return with my mother, I opposed her coming back with me, as she seemed rather unwell. I should have come in the cabriolet with Gardanne, but she preferred travelling all night to return with me—besides, she can sleep in a carriage.

Paris, 9th Nov. We left Chateau Neuf at eleven at night and arrived at Bellechasse at ten next day. I got on horseback at Angerville, nine leagues off; it was still dark and I rode to Paris. In the evening I attended the Jacobins. They appointed me censor, (they do the duty of ushers.) As the hall is much too small to contain the friends of the Constitution—the formal title of the club, which received its popular name from meeting at the convent of the Jacobins—whose numbers increase daily, a committee was named to look out for another place. They were discussing the king's household troops, Mr. Mathieu de Mirabal (a young man) spoke particularly well. I learned that I had been named one of a deputation to convey to the National Assembly the proposition relating to the Tennis Court.

10th Nov.—Yesterday my father sent for me, received me kindly, and gave me fifty louis, of which I gave my brother ten. My father desired me to call on Madame de Lamballe—I went directly; and from her to the Assembly, and from that, with my father's approbation, to dine with Mr. Bonne Carriere, who had been spokesman of the deputation to the Assembly. He had invited the whole deputation and several members of the Assembly. The dinner was very gay, very patriotic and very decent.

11th Nov.—At the sitting of the Assembly Mr.

*Under the old church regime, incense was presented to persons of high rank—a kind of feudal honor which was abolished in the general abolition of all feudal rights.

Biauzat moved that the committee of the constitution and of military affairs, should unite to prepare a decree on the composition of the king's guard of honor. Mr. de Beaumarchais proposed that the *King should never command the troops in person.* Mr. Malouet opposed both these motions. Alexander Lameth complained that the friends of liberty were always represented as the enemies of the king. On this the *Blacks (royalists)* cried "yes, yes, and 'tis true," and the *Cote Gauche* "no, no, the true friends of the king are those who have destroyed the *ci devant* clergy and the Parliaments—'tis they who have delivered the nation from all the tyrannies under which we had so long groaned." The *Cote Gauche* and the galleries applauded violently. *I joined in the applause.* Mr. de Cassigny Tuigne, deputy of the bar, and Mr. de la Cheze, who sat near him, appealed to the President that I should be turned out for having *dared* to applaud. The President shrugged up his shoulders—I continued my applause, and then took up my opera glass to see who were the two members who had noticed me. There was a cry of "down with the opera-glass," but I did not take it down till I had well seen and distinguished them. Thence I went to dinner at the Palace Royal, and in the evening to my committee at the Jacobins, where I announced to the committee that a person lately admitted by the committee, and now standing for election by the society, (Mr. Meeke,) was concerned in an *aristocratic* paper called la *Gazette Generale*. He was in consequence adjourned *sine die*."

This Mr. Meeke was a person attached to his education. Madame de Genlis, when inculcating on him his duty towards his attendants, says—"you should confer on Messrs. Myris and *Meeke—if he should remain with you,* and your other masters and attendants, any favor in your power." Mr. Myris was his drawing master, who continued attached to him, and for his conduct at Jemappes was made a *chief de brigade*. (colonel) but Mr. *Meeke*, as Madame de Genlis suspected, seems to have *quitted* him—probably on account of politics—and the favor, in pursuance of Madame de Genlis' considerate advice, he seems to have conferred on him, was a *denunciation* to the Jacobins!

16th Nov.—At the Jacobins—I rose to speak, and said, that I had the honor of being admitted last year (though under age) into that Philanthropic Society. This society was in the habit of distributing 100,000 livres per annum, but this year the funds had fallen off by one half, because several very affluent persons had retired under pretence that the revolution prevents their contributing four louis a year. In this they have two objects—the first to discredit the revolution for having destroyed so good an institution; and secondly, to make it enemies of all the poor whose pensions should be thus stopped, by saying "it is the revolution deprives you of your bread." I said I thought it was worthy of the club to support the Philanthropic Society, and I invited all who could afford four louis a year to belong to it, and those who could not, to contribute what they could afford. I was much applauded, and on the motion of Mr. Faydel, a subscription which had been raised a month ago, for a poor man who had refused it, was transferred to the Philanthropic Society.

17th Nov.—I was yesterday at the National Assembly—the question was about Avignon. I had forgotten to take paper with me, which prevented my making notes.

19th Nov.—This evening at the play to see Voltaire's Brutus—the audience made many allusions. When Brutus says "give me, ye Gods, death rather

than slavery," the house rang with shouts of applause—great waving of hats. It was magnificent. Another line ended with these words—"free and without a king." Some applause was heard, in which neither I nor any one in our box joined.—Then there was a cry of "God save the King;" but it being observed that this cry was unconstitutional, they substituted that triple cry *which sounds so sweet in patriotic ears*—"God save the nation, the law and the King" and *vive la liberte*. It was clear from all that passed that the patriots had a great majority over the aristocrats; three or four of these latter would have applauded some congenial allusions, but they were reduced to silence.

20th Nov.—Last night at the Jacobins, Mr. Pujot, an apothecary, and an excellent patriot, had lent a friend his card of admission—he was suspended according to a rule, which every one signs on admission, excluding members who shall lend their cards, but Mr. Pujot had not read it. I solicited the indulgence of the club for this patriot, and he got his card again. I missed the reading of the *proces verbal*, because I could not come till nine o'clock, having been detained at the National Assembly by the politeness of Mr. Grouvelle, (sent lately as ambassador of the French Republic to Copenhagen,) who was to read an address at the bar, and requested me to stop and hear it—the address seemed to me fine, but rather long. This morning at 7 o'clock, I attended at the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, to see the patients dressed and to learn to dress. I returned at a quarter past eight. I dined at the Palace Royal, with my father.

24th Nov.—Another delightful day at Bellechasse. This morning we attended at the Hotel Dieu; I visited and bled some patients. This useful but unusual accomplishment of being able to bleed, was one of Madame de Genlis's practical ideas of education. When Louis Philippe was lately travelling in Normandy, one of his postilions had a very severe fall, and was senseless. The King, to the great astonishment of his attendants and the spectators, jumped from the carriage, pulled out a lancet, and bled the poor fellow with skill and success.

25th Nov.—After dinner, to the Jacobins—I was the first who arrived. They gave me some letters from the country to abstract—for, except the letters be very interesting, they only read abstracts. One of the abstracts (not one of mine) was in these terms: A letter from the Society at Foix, enclosed a copy of an address to the king, and states a fact against Mr. Lambert, the comptroller-general.—The address itself was now called for, and found to be in the old regime—"Your kingdom—Your faithful subjects, who would shed their blood for your sacred person." This was received with murmurs, in which I took no part. A member of the National Assembly for Foix endeavored to justify Mr. Lambert, and said that we should excuse the old fashioned style of his countrymen, who were so remote, that public spirit had not yet made its way amongst them, but that they loved and blessed the constitution. On my proposition, supported by some other members, the club passed to the order of the day. I got to Bellechasse at a few minutes past eight.

26th Nov.—I went this morning to the Hotel Dieu—the next time I shall dress the patients myself. Yesterday I was to have dined at Villani's, No. 17, Place des Victoires, at nine livres a head; Messrs. Barnave, Lameth, Noailles, Mirabeau, Sillery, &c. who were to have been of the party, did not go, because Mr. Brissot, who had so grossly calumniated Mr. Barnave, and called him "a tool of

tyranny," was to be there. Instead, therefore, of that I went to dine at Mousseaux, where were Madame de Buffon and another lady, and Messrs. Val-kiers, St. Fare, Belsunee, d'Henencourt, and Sheldon. After dinner they began to play cards, on which I went away to the Jacobins—I called the attention of the club to the letter which Mr. Meeke (see ante, 11th Nov.) had published in *Carra and Mercier's Journal*. I was asked if I answered for the truth of his statements; *I said no*. I returned to Bellechasse at three quarters after eight.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

There are many of our readers who have doubtless been pleased with the *Naturalist's Every day book*, which, for the present, is necessarily concluded. They are astonished at the vast field of observation presented in the walks of nature, and open to those who are well informed and observing. We now extract from a recent work of merit, as yet somewhat unknown in our country, some excellent hints on the qualifications necessary to acquire a knowledge of Natural History. The author, Mr. Swainson, stands well in England as a practical man, and though not faultless, has given some excellent advice in the following article. It is now republished for the first time.

"Naturalists, in the general acceptation of the word, may all be classed under two distinct divisions—the practical and the scientific. Their more immediate pursuits, no less than their necessary qualifications, are very dissimilar, but he only who unites them all is the true naturalist. The practical naturalist wanders abroad, and observes individuals. The fields and the woods are his museum and library. He contemplates living objects, but cares little for dead ones; he busies himself with watching the times and seasons when certain animals make their appearance; he strives to know their food, instincts, habits; he is dissatisfied until he is acquainted with the note of every bird familiar to his neighborhood; he studies the whole construction of their nests, their periodical arrivals and departures, their loves, their lives, and their deaths. He watches their several changes of form, of colour, or of plumage; he traces how these circumstances are modified and influenced by the seasons; and he makes special notes of these things in his common place book. If he discovers that his crops or his fruit are injured by insects, he rests not until he traces the aggressor through all its series of depredations; and, being armed with a knowledge of its secret modes of doing injury, he is the best man for applying a successful remedy. As for its scientific name, *that* gives him no thought; he cares not whether the name be old or new; it is sufficient for him that it gives to the insect an appellation. He will walk through a magnificent museum with no more curiosity than is felt by an ordinary person; and as for systems, and technical terms, "he cannot away with them." He wonders how people can count the joints of the antenna of an insect, measure the quill-feathers of a bird, reckon the grinders of a quadruped, or number the rays of a fish's fin. His chief, if not his only interest, is in the *life* of an animal. While others are poring over ponderous tomes of cramp technicalities, he is out in the woods, capturing an insect, or looking after a bird. He has, in fine, either a general disregard or a thorough contempt—according to the construction of his mind—for systems and their authors, and leaves to them to give what names they please to his discoveries.

"Such are the general characteristics of a practical, or, as he is now usually termed, a *field* naturalist, of the present day, as gathered from the sentiments conveyed by this class of observers in our natural history periodicals. There is not only much to commend in such pursuits, as regards their effect upon the individual, but the facts which they bring to light form a very material part of the history of nature. This is apparent from the writings of White of Selborne, Le Vaillant, D'Azara, and Wilson; all of whom, with little deviation, studied nature upon this plan. They were essentially field naturalists. They took to themselves that department of research which called them into the open air: and they are, of all others, the best qualified to write the natural history of species. Every thing, however, past this line of enquiry, is beyond their province. Those who have been really eminent as original observers, candidly confess this, and presume not to entertain the preposterous idea that *theirs* is the only department of natural history which deserves cultivation. They are satisfied with having gathered a stock of entertaining and instructive materials, to be subsequently worked up into general results and large generalisations by another set of naturalists, who take a different department in the extension of knowledge. It unfortunately happens, however, that men of all ranks are too apt to undervalue, or to treat with affected contempt, those acquirements of which they are ignorant. And as the business of the field naturalist requires little or no exercise of the higher powers of the mind, but may be pursued by any one possessing the tact of observation, so we find that the generality of these observers are too prone to fancy that their pursuits alone lead to the only information on natural history that is really worth acquiring. They will tell you to throw aside books and systems, and assure you that "a few walks in the fields" are sufficient to make "a *very good naturalist*." The royal road to science is no doubt very enticing to the young student, particularly if it is promulgated from the chair of a professor; but absurdities like these are unworthy of refutation. We must inform such sanguine beginners, that not only many walks must be taken, but many years consumed, before he will earn the reputation of being "a very good naturalist;" and that, when this title has been acquired, he will then, if he has good sense and real talent, be conscious himself that the praise is undeserved. We might be tempted merely to smile at such folly, and only to pity the contracted minds of those who gave it currency, were it not for the mischievous effect that such notions may have upon the young student, from their tendency to repress all mental exertion, and all aspirations after any higher knowledge than the composition of a dabchick's nest, or the colour of a sparrow's egg. Inflated ideas of our own pursuits, and unmeasured abuse of others, are the natural results of ignorance and conceit.

"The business of the systematic or closet naturalist commences where that of the practical observer ceases. If he is not a mere catalogue-maker, or a devotee to systematic means—a race of worthies which in these days is almost extinct—he treasures all the facts communicated by his brethren of the field, and applies them, as occasion serves, to their ultimate use. While the one collects, the other combines. By means of his library, he ascertains which of the facts are really new, and which have been previously observed and recorded: he combines the *scientific* with the *natural* history of an animal. He examines its structure in every minute particular, and is thus enabled to trace the parti-

cular adaption of its structure for performing all those functions which the field naturalist has witnessed during its life; an intellectual gratification, by the way, which the latter, if he disregards such minutiae, cannot enjoy. He observes all those external peculiarities of shape, of colour, or of markings, which distinguish the object before him as a species; he refers to his collections, compares it with others, and thus ascertains its true characters. But all this is but preliminary to other investigations; his business is not only with species, but with groups, which are congregations of species; he has to condense particulars into generals; in other words, to search after and obtain general results from a multiplicity of isolated facts. He detects natural groups, and distinguishes them by characters applicable to the individuals which respectively compose them; he next compares these assemblages with others, and studies their several degrees of relationship. Proceeding in this manner, and ascending higher and higher in his generalisations, he concentrates the facts, spread into an octavo volume of zoological anecdotes and "field" remarks, within the compass of a few pages. And while he thus makes use of the diffuse and disconnected observations of the field naturalist, he gives to them a stamp of importance which even their authors never imagined they possessed. Conversant with the different relations which one group of beings bears to another, he is enabled to trace the most beautiful and unexpected analogies throughout the animal kingdom, until he at length gains a full conviction of the paucity and simplicity of nature's laws, amidst the countless variety of her forms and modifications."

(To be continued.)

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"Post-Office Department, Southern Division, }
September 9, 1835.

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I am respectfully, your ob't servant,

S. R. HOBBIE, Ass't P. M. Gen."

To ERASTUS PERRY, Albany, N. Y.

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